

PDC

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NO. 3

# CRIME

AND

# PUNISHMENT

10¢

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**

**OBEY THE LAW**

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**TRUE CRIMINAL CASE HISTORIES!**

MIKE, YOU WORRY ME-- YOU GOT YELLOW WAYS! YOU GOT TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR THE BLUE BOYS! YOU'RE TOO LIABLE TO END UP AS A FINGER LOUSE, AN' STICK US ALL IN THE HOT SEAT!

AN' TELL 'IM TO LEGGO OF MY ARM, OR I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM, TOO!

**DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME!**



CHARLES BIRO

LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS

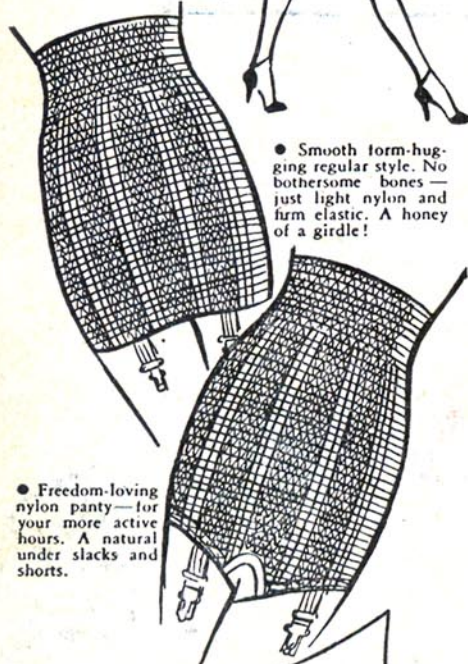


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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



# EMIL (the terrible) RECK

ONLY TWO EXCUSES FOR HUMAN BEINGS CALLED HIM A "FRIEND"! ONE— A HOPELESS DRUNKARD, THE OTHER, A HERO-WORSHIPPING "YES-MAN," BUT KILLERS ALL!

HIS RAMPAGE OF MURDER CREATED THE MOST SHOCKING MONTH OF CRIME IN CHICAGO'S HISTORY!

WHERE'S THE PATIENT? OH...TH.THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I MUST HAVE THE WRONG ADDRESS...

NO, YOU HAVEN'T, DOC! WE'LL PRODUCE A PATIENT FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!

LISTEN TO HIM PLAYIN' DUMB—AS' IF HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HIM!

WHENEVER I THINK OF TERROR, I THINK OF EMIL, THE TERRIBLE! EMIL RECK DEFIED EVERY LAW OF HUMAN NATURE—EVEN THE ASSASSINS OF THE JUNGLE STALK THEIR PREY OUT OF NECESSITY! EMIL THE TERRIBLE, STALKED HIS PREY TO APPEASE HIS INSATIABLE HUNGER FOR BRUTE AND SAVAGE VIOLENCE! YES, HERE WAS ONE TIME I WOULD HAVE GIVEN ANYTHING YOUR SIDE OF ETERNITY TO HAVE BEEN ALIVE AGAIN AND TO HAVE STOOD BETWEEN EMIL, THE TERRIBLE, AND THE RECORD HE WROTE INTO MY BOOK OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT!

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS. the editors



ON 1934, IN CHICAGO, THERE DWELT A YOUTH OF SUCH UNCOMMON FEROCITY THAT HE WAS DUBBED EMIL, THE TERRIBLE, BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM! ONLY TWO EXCUSES FOR HUMAN BEINGS CALLED HIM A FRIEND! DURLAND NASH AND ROBERT GOETHE CLUNG TO EMIL RECK AS SUCKER FISH CLING TO THE BODY OF A TIGER SHARK, GOING WHERE THE SEA TIGER GOES, EATING WHAT HE EATS, SHARING FATE AND FORTUNE WITH THEIR FEROCIOUS BENEFACTOR! THEIR RAMPAGE CREATED THE MOST SHOCKING MONTH OF CRIME IN CHICAGO'S HISTORY!

# OBEY THE LAW

THIS IS A POOL PARLOR—A PLACE WHERE A LITTLE MONEY BUYS A LITTLE DIVERSION—TO SOME, PERHAPS, BUT NOT TO HOODLUMS TOO POOR TO RENT A DEN OF THEIR OWN!



HERE'S WHERE THESE YOUNG FELONS PLAN THEIR CRIME, WHERE THE CLICKING OF CUES AGAINST BALLS MATCHES THE CLICKING OF IDIOTIC PLANS IN IDIOTIC MINDS!



THICK SMOKE CURLS AROUND THICK SKULLS—HATCHING THICKER PLOTS—LISTEN TO 'EM!

HIC! WE'LL SHOVE IN THE DOOR! IT'LL BE AS EASY AS MAKIN' THISH SHOT!

THIS IS SATURDAY NIGHT—IT'S MOVIE NIGHT! NOBODY'LL BE HOME! THE BACK WINDOW HAS A BROKEN LOCK!



LIQUOR INFLAMES THEIR HOPES TILL THEY SEE BOUNDLESS SUCCESS IN CRIME! IT LOOKS EASY THROUGH GLASSY EYES, BUT ABOUT AS POSSIBLE AS PUTTING 15 BALLS INTO SIX POCKETS WITH ONE SHOT!

NOBODY ELSE CAN, BUT I CAN—LOOK!—THEY'RE ALL GOIN' IN!



YA HOPPED UP NUMBSKULL! LOOK WHAT YA DONE TO THE FELT!

LET DURL ALONE, HORSEFACE! HE CAN SCRATCH THE TABLE ANY TIME HE WANTS! HE'S PAYIN' FOR HIS TIME, AIN'T HE? IT AIN'T HIS FAULT IF THE FELT IS HALF ROTTED!



STAY OUTTA THIS, BIG MOUTH! I'LL RUN MY JOINT MY WAY!

MAYBE HORSEFACE DON'T KNOW WHO HE'S TALKIN' TO! HORSEFACE HAS GOTTA LEARN WHO'S WHO, EH?

I'M WITH YA, EMIL!



I TOLD YA TO LEAVE DURL ALONE, BUT YA WOULDN'T LISTEN!

JUST LEMME HAVE A CRACK AT 'IM—PLEASE, EMIL!



SO YOU DON'T LIKE GUYS TO SCRATCH YOUR FELT? OKAY, WE'LL SCRATCH THE UPHOLSTERY OFF YOUR FACE, INSTEAD! GET DURL—LET HIM TAKE A POKE AT HIM!

HE'S TOO LOADED! HOLD, HORSEFACE STILL, WILL YA? I'LL PUT HIS HEAD IN THE CORNER POCKET!



HAND ME SOME MORE BALLS! I WANNA PUT A COUPLE OF MORE BUMPS ON HIS SHINY NUT!

HEY, SOMEBODY, GIVE US SOME MORE BALLS!



# OBEY THE LAW



LET'S GET OUT OF THIS CRUMMY MUCK-HOLE! ON YOUR FEET, DURL! I GOT A GOOD MIND TO SLUG YOU ONE! WHAT DID YA GET SO LIT FOR?

YOU CRUMBS CAN STICK AROUND HERE IF YA WANNA-WE'RE TAKIN' OUR PATRONAGE TO A MORE RESPECTABLE ESTABLISHMENT!



WHO WERE THOSE GUYS? POOR BENNY'S HALF-DEAD!

BENNY'S LUCKY--THE WAY EMIL THE TERRIBLE LEAVES MESSSES AROUND THE SOUTH-SIDE, HE'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET A SHIV IN HIS RIBS!



THANKSH FER SHTICKIN' UP FER ME, EMIL! HE WAS GONNA POKE ME, IF YA HADN'T SLUGGED 'IM!

NOBODY POKES MY PALS--WE'RE THE THREE MUSKETEERS--ALL FOR ONE AN' ONE FOR ALL! WHERE'S THE OTHER BOTTLE YOU HAD?

HE FELL AN' IT BUSTED IN HIS POCKET! I'D LIKE ANOTHER SLUG, TOO! BUT WHAT'LL WE USE FOR DOUGH?



YOU BUMS TALK OF DOUGH LIKE IT'S SOMETHING HARD TO GET! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS ASK! YOU GUYS AIN'T GOT NO IDEA HOW GENEROUS PEOPLE REALLY ARE--NOW TAKE THAT GUY OVER THERE, FOR INSTANCE!

I KNOW JUST WHAT YA MEAN, EMIL!



PARDON ME--DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A MATCH ON YOU, MISTER?

SORRY--I DON'T SMOKE!



THREE BUCKS AIN'T ENOUGH FOR A QUART, EVEN! LET'S TAKE A STREET CAR ACROSS TOWN, AN' TRY AGAIN!

WHAT? WHY WASTE THE NICKELS--LET'S JUST WALK AROUND THE BLOCK!



PARDON ME, MISTER--CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THIS ADDRESS IS?

IT'S JUST DOWN THIS STR--



FIFTEEN BUCKS--JUST ENOUGH FOR A BOTTLE OF BOOZE AN' A WHIRL WITH A COUPLE OF SWEET MAMAS AT THE GRASS HOOP!

HEY, DURL--GET UP ON YOUR FEET!

HEY, BARTENDER--MAKE MINE A DOUBLE BOURBON!



AN' BE A HICK'S LITTLE BIT MORE GENEROUSH THISH TIME!

DURL'S IN NO CONDITION TO GO DANCIN'! WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM HOME!

WHAT--RUIN OUR NIGHT? NOTHIN' DOIN'! LET'S CHECK HIM IN THE CLOAK ROOM!

# OBEY THE LAW

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS PLACE IS—BELLEVUE'S ALCOHOLIC WARD? WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH HIM?

THAT'S UP TO YOU, HONEY—HANG HIM ON A COAT HOOK FOR ALL I CARE, AN' DON'T BOTHER ROLLIN' HIM—HE HASN'T GOT A DIME!

HEY, EMIL, REMEMBER THAT BLONDE? SHE'S HERE TONIGHT, AN' LOOK AT THE MUG SHE'S DANCIN' WITH!

I KNOW THAT CAKE-EATER—WATCH ME MOBILIZE HIM BOB! HEY JOSIE, DANCE OVER THIS WAY!

WHO'S HE—THE GUYS THAT'S YELLIN' AT YOU?

OH, THAT'S MY BROTHER—HE DON'T LIKE ME TO DANCE WITH STRANGERS!

HELLO, BLONDE, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR BOY FRIEND? HE LOOKS KINDA PALE!

I DON'T KNOW—FUNNY THE WAY HE GOT LIMP ALL OF A SUDDEN!

HEY—NO WONDER—YOU SLUGGED HIM WITH A BLACK-JACK!

COME HERE, BABY! YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT! HE JUST DID TOO MUCH DANCIN' FOR A GUY WITH A WEAK HEART!

S...SURE—THAT'S WHAT MUST'VE HAPPENED TO HIM! SAY, YOU'RE NOT HALF BAD ON YOUR FEET!

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A DAISY DOES THE BIG APPLE? YOU GUYS SHOULD STICK TO SLOW WALTZES

THIS ENDED A TYPICAL NIGHT OF BOOZE, BRAWLS, BURGLARY, AND BLONDES IN THE LIFE OF EMIL RECK, DURING THE YEAR, 1934..

OF COURSE YOU KNOW I'M TAKIN' YOU HOME, OR DIDN'T I TELL YA?

AN' I SUPPOSE IF I SAID, "NO", I'D GET MY HEAD SLIT OPEN, LIKE HE DID!

Zzzzzzz

HAT CHECK 10¢

THIS ENDED, TOO, A TYPICAL NIGHT IN CAPTAIN LARRY O'LEARY'S PRECINCT DISTRICT!

SAME OLD TECHNIQUE, CAPTAIN—STRONG-ARM STICK-UPS BY LOCAL SMALL FRY! THEY'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED!

WHAT WORRIES ME, IS THAT SMALL FRY HAVE A WAY OF BECOMING BIG FRY!

IF YOU DON'T NAIL 'EM EARLY ENOUGH!! DOUBLE THE DETAIL IN THIS SECTION JOE!

EMIL HAD ALL THE INGREDIENTS A BAD HOMBRE NEEDS—FIRST, WANTING TO BE A BIG SHOT TO HIDE AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX—SECOND, THE IDEA THAT OTHERS GET CAUGHT, BUT NOT HIMSELF, AND THIRD THE ILLUSION THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAINS ARE THE EASIEST! EMIL AND COMPANY WERE WEARING ROSE-COLORED GLASSES—THINKING THE PARTY WOULD GO ON FOREVER!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND FOR TONIGHT, EMIL?

FIRST THING WE WANT IS A CAR—WE CAN MOVE AROUND A LOT FASTER IN A CAR!

LOTS OF GUYS PLAN THINGS OUT TOO MUCH—BUT NOT ME! I SAY, HIT AN' RUN! THEN WHEN THE COPS LOOK FOR SOMEBODY—THEY LOOK FOR EVERYBODY—CAN THEY CATCH EVERYBODY?

THAT'S TERRIFIC, EMIL! THAT'S A REGULAR PHILOSOPHY! EMIL, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

# OBEY THE LAW

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE—SOME GUYS WEIGH THEMSELVES DOWN WITH SATCHELS FULL OF INSTRUMENTS! I DON'T GO FOR THAT—THIS GIMMICK GIVES ME THE KEYS TO ANY CAR IN CHICAGO! THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THIS CAN'T FIGURE OUT!

YOU SAID IT, EMIL—YOU SAID IT! WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU IS THAT YOU DON'T THINK YOU KNOW EVERY THING!

GLUG GLUG

SEE THAT DOC GOING IN THERE? WELL, HE'S GOT TO COME OUT, AN' WHEN HE DOES, WE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR HIM! DURL, YOU STAY IN THE BACKGROUND, YOU REEK OF BOOZE—HE'LL SMELL YOU A MILE AWAY!

YOU'RE SHIC! HURTIN' MY FEELIN'S, EMIL! MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT ME HANGIN' AROUND WITH YOU NO MORE! SHIC?

SHUT UP, DURL! THAT AIN'T WHAT HE SAID!

HERE HE COMES—ASK HIM FOR A MATCH OR SOMETHIN'—BUT GET 'IM TO TURN HIS BACK ON THIS TREE!

CAN YOU SPARE A MATCH, MISTER?

I THINK SO!

MY, MY—THESE CROAKERS MUST MAKE A NICE LIVIN'—FORTY BUCKS, EMIL! PRETTY GOOD, EH?

WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT? WE'LL NEED A DOZEN JOBS LIKE THIS FOR A DECENT ROLL! GET IN!

THIS BEGAN THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1934—LIKE MOUNTAIN LIONS, WHOSE CRAZED LUST FOR BLOOD IS INFLAMED BY EVERY THROAT THEY TEAR—THE BRUTES STOPPED EVERY HALF MILE OR SO, BUT NOT TO REST!

WHERE'S THIS MATCH...I MEAN ADDRESS, MISTER?

I'M A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS!

SORRY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU'RE SAYIN'! I'M A LITTLE HARD OF HEARIN'!

I SAID, IT'S FIVE BLOCKS DOWN TH... OHHHH... ☆ @ ☆

HOW ABOUT YOU AN' DURL DOIN' THE NEXT JOB? I'M GETTIN' ARM-WEARY!

IT'S THE SAME MOB WHO MUGGED THAT MAN BACK ON 8TH STREET! HOW MANY WERE THERE, DOCTOR?

1..TWO.. I GUESS—THOUGH I ONLY SAW ONE!

ATTENTION, ALL CARS IN THE WEST-NORTH AVENUE DISTRICT! WATCH FOR A GREEN SEDAN—TWO MORE STICK-UPS WERE REPORTED! COVER ALL SURROUNDING AVENUES!

SOMEBODY'S STRETCHING HIS LUCK!

LOOK, BEN—THOSE THREE FELLOWS ON THE SIDE-WALK!

YEAH, I SEE 'EM—AND IT'S A GREEN SEDAN TOO!

HERE, CHECK MY GUN, TOO, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!

SURE, HAND IT OVER!



# OBEY THE LAW



WATCH IT, DURL— IS THAT A COP'S CAR COMIN'?

WH..WHERE?? IT IS A COP'S CAR!

IF I TAKE 'EM WITH ME, THEY'LL FOLLOW US! IF I BLOW, THE BULLS WILL CONCENTRATE ON THEM!

I'M BEATIN' IT, BUT DON'T THINK I'M RUNNIN' OUT ON YA!



GIVE THEM A WARNING SHOT THAT'LL SLOW 'EM UP!

THE CAR!

EMIL, EMIL, DON'T LEAVE US— PLEASE!



NO! NO! D..DON'T! WE GIVE UP!!

WE DIDN'T DO NOthin'-HONEST!



WHO'S YOUR DOUBLE-CROSSIN' BUDDY?

WHAT BUDDY? THAT GUY LYIN' ON THE SIDEWALK INSULTED US!

GREEN BANDIT CAR STILL AT LARGE! WATCH FOR IT IN ZONE B— OVER!



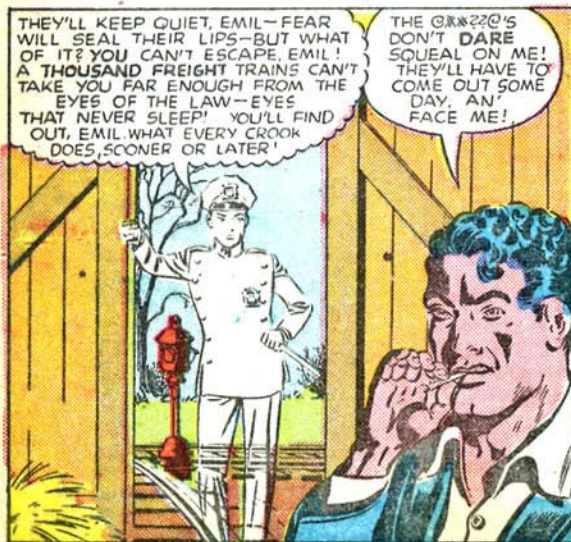
THESE GOONS WON'T TALK, CAPTAIN! THEY FIGURE THE MOST THEY CAN GET FOR A FIRST OFFENSE IS TWO YEARS— WHICH IN THEIR OPINION IS BETTER THAN A SLIT THROAT FROM THE GUY THEY'RE SHIELDING!

IF THEY WERE CARRYING GUNS, THEY'D DRAW ANOTHER FIVE YEARS ON THE GUN LAW! WELL, TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD FOR A START!



EMIL HAD IT FIGURED TWO WAYS— IN CASE HIS PALS BETRAYED HIM, CHICAGO WOULD BECOME THE HOTTEST TOWN IN THE NORTH TEMPERATE ZONE, SO HE DITCHED THE HOT CAR AND STOLE A RIDE ON A SOUTHBOUND FREIGHT!

IF THE SUCKERS KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT, THIS'LL BE A COOK'S TOUR!



THEY'LL KEEP QUIET, EMIL— FEAR WILL SEAL THEIR LIPS— BUT WHAT OF IT? YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, EMIL! A THOUSAND FREIGHT TRAINS CAN'T TAKE YOU FAR ENOUGH FROM THE EYES OF THE LAW— EYES THAT NEVER SLEEP! YOU'LL FIND OUT, EMIL, WHAT EVERY CROOK DOES, SCONER OR LATER!

THE COPS DON'T DARE SQUEAL ON ME! THEY'LL HAVE TO COME OUT SOME DAY, AN' FACE ME!



EMIL SENT ME TO SEE YOU— HE SAID TO THANK YOU FOR KEEPING QUIET! HE SAYS IF HE WAITED FOR YOU GUYS THAT DAY, YOU'D ALL BE SUNK— MAYBE DEAD!

SURE— AN' DON'T WE KNOW IT! WE GOT NO GRUDGE AGAINST EMIL! HE FIGURED IT RIGHT— TELL HIM WE'LL GET TOGETHER AGAIN IN DECEMBER— THAT'S WHEN WE GET OUT!

# OBEY THE LAW

DECEMBER, HE SAID, AN' THEN THE SAP TELLS ME THAT NEXT TO THE LOUSY CHOW, THEY TALK OF NOthin' BUT YOU, EMIL! YA CAN'T BLAME 'EM - THEY'RE AIN'T MANY EMIL RECKS FLOATIN' AROUND!

SURE, THEM CHUMPS KNOW THEY'D BE LOST WITHOUT ME! YEAH, I'LL WAIT FOR THEM TO COME OUT! I CAN USE MORE HELP FOR THE KIND OF JOBS I'M AFTER!

AN' IN THE MEANWHILE BEIN' BOUNCER AT THE GRASS HOOP HAS ITS ANGLES!

EMIL, YOU SKUNK! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER! I'M ALL THE ANGLES YOU NEED - AND CURVES, TOO!

YOU'D DROWN AWFUL EASY, IF I HELD YOUR HEAD UNDER WATER! IF YA WANNA GO SIX FOOT UNDER, JUST KEEP TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO!

EMIL!! GASP! D. DON'T!! I WAS ONLY KIDDIN', EMIL, HONEST!

ON DECEMBER 11TH, 1935, THE WAY THEY CELEBRATED, YOU'D THINK DURL NASH AND BOB GOETHE WERE HOME-COMING HEROES!

KEEP POURIN' OH, GIMME MORE - BUCKETS MORE, BABY! I'LL SAY WHEN!

BOB, TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT I BEEN GATHERIN' LIKE A SQUIRREL DOES NUTS, JUST FOR THIS DAY!

WOW - WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM? HOLY SMOKE - WHAT AN ARSENAL!

LET'S TRY 'EM OUT TONIGHT, EMIL! DURL AND ME ARE FLAT BROKE - AN' YOU'RE NOT TOO WELL FIXED FOR CASH - HOW ABOUT IT?

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, BUT LOOK AT HIM - DURL IS HIS SAME OLD SELF! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND ON YOUR FEET LONG ENOUGH TO PULL A JOB?

HEY, DO YOU GUYS REALIZE, THIS IS BIG-TIME! THIS IS FOR KEEPS - NO MORE HIT-AND-RUN! THE NEXT STRETCH WE GET MAY BE THE HOT SEAT, IF WE AIN'T CAREFUL!

SHUT UP - NOBODY'S GETTIN' CAUGHT! IF YOU'RE IN DOUBT, JUST DO LIKE I DO - KEEP YOUR HEAD, AN' NOthin' WILL HAPPEN!

YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

ON YOUR FEET, TAILOR MAN - WHERE'S YOUR CASH BOX?

HE AIN'T GOT ONE, EMIL! THESE SMALL WARTS KEEP THEIR DOUGH IN THEIR PANTS POCKETS!

WHAT CASH? I'M A POOR MAN - I HAVE NO MONEY - THE LITTLE I HAVE IS IN THE BANK!

WHY THE HECK ALL THIS CONVERSATION? LET'S TAKE THE DOUGH AWAY FROM HIM!

WELL - WHAT ARE YOU GUYS WAITIN' FOR? YOU WANTED TO TRY YOUR RODS OUT, DIDN'T YA?

MOTHER OF MERC... ☆☆☆

THAT'S WHAT I SAY!

# OBEY THE LAW

FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD—THREE-SIXTY IS ALL THAT'S IN THE DRAWER!

THE CHEAP STIFF ONLY HAD TWENTY CENTS IN HIS POCKET!

IF THIS IS BIG TIME, I'LL TAKE THE SMALL TIME, THANK YOU!

THAT'S JUST IT, FOOLS—THERE'S NO PROFIT IN CRIME! IF YOU SUCKED YOUR DREAMS OF PROFITS OUT OF OPIUM PIPES, THEY COULDN'T BE MORE UNREAL!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE FOR A WHILE! THE COPS'LL TURN CHICAGO UPSIDE DOWN LOOKIN' FOR US!

NEXT TIME LET'S GO AFTER A GUY WITH REAL DOUGH!

HOW DO YOU SPLIT \$3.80?

THESE KILLERS MUST BE CRACKED, CAPTAIN! THERE ARE EIGHT BULLETS MORE IN THIS POOR GUY THAN IT TOOK TO KILL HIM!

IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING—IF WE DON'T STRAIGHT-JACKET THESE GUYS! BRING IN EVERY HOODLUM IN CHICAGO THAT'S GOT A RECORD AND I WANT A LIST OF ALL THE RECENTLY RELEASED EX-CONS!

IF NOT FOR ME, YOU GUYS WOULD BE IN A POLICE LINE-UP NOW, WITH YOUR KNEES KNOCKIN' OUT A FUNERAL MARCH!

YOU SAID IT—THEY'RE SURE IN A BIG STEW ABOUT THE OLD CRUMB! IT'S IN ALL THE PAPERS! THE NEWS SAYS, "THE MOST BRUTAL KILLING IN YEARS—THE KILLERS MUST BE PSYCHOPATHS"—WHAT'S THAT?

IT MEANS SCREW LOOSE, BATTY, NUTS—THEY'RE SORE BECAUSE WE MADE SUCKERS OUT OF THEM!

HEY, EMIL, I WAS WONDERIN' WHAT THAT SMELL WAS—IT'S THIS STIFF—HE'S SMELLIN' UP THE PLACE!

HERE'S A SHOVEL—IT'S ABOUT TIME WE BURIED THE OLD COOT! NOBODY'LL MOURN HIM—WHO MISSES A HERMIT, ANYWAY?

OKAY, GIMME A HAND, DURL!

SURE...HIC; HERE—I'LL CUT IT OFF FOR YA! HIC;

GIMME THAT SHIV! ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'LL PUT THE INJUN SIGN ON US! THE DRUNKEN BUM DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOIN'!

WHAT'S A MATTER? HIC;

THE SOLITUDE OF THE PASSING WEEKS IN THE WISCONSIN WILDERNESS BEGAN TO IRRITATE THE KILLERS TO DISTRACTION, SO THEY HOPPED A FREIGHT BACK TO THE WINDY CITY, SEEKING THEIR ELUSIVE FAME AND FORTUNE!

I'VE GOT A NEW ANGLE—REMEMBER THAT PILL-PUSHER WE HEISTED THE NIGHT THAT YOU GUYS GOT CAUGHT? HE WAS WELL-HEELLED, AN' HE WASN'T THE RICHEST CROAKER IN CHI, EITHER—NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

WHAT DO WE DO? HANG AROUND TILL HIC; THAT STIFFMAKER COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE WITH A SATCHEL FULL OF LETTUCE?

# OBEY THE LAW

WISE UP, RUM-POT! DOCTORS DON'T CARRY MONEY IN THEIR SATCHELS—IT'S IN THEIR POCKETS!

TELL HIM TO CUT IT OUT, WILL YA, EMIL? HE'S ALWAYS INSULTIN' ME!

SHUT UP—LISTEN—WE'LL STEAL A CAR, THEN WE'LL LOOK AT THE SOCIETY PAGES FOR THE NAME OF A RICH CROAKER!

HERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT A DOCTOR!

IT SAYS, "CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 2ND, 1936. DR. AND MRS. EUSTACE PENFOLD ANNOUNCE THE BETROTHAL OF THEIR DAUGHTER, AUGUSTA, TO YOUNG STEEL SCION, ROBERT DAW!"

BETROTHAL? WHAT DOES BETROTHAL MEAN?

SHE'S GETTIN' HITCHED, YOU DIPSO! GAD, IS THIS MUG IGNORANT!

DR. EUSTACE PENFOLD, EH? WAIT HERE—I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I GOT AN IDEA!

PENFOLD, EUSTACE, M.D., LAKE SHORE DRIVE, LAKE SHORE 6-1432!"

Penfold, Eustace, M.D., Lake Shore Drive, Lake Shore 6-1432

Penfold, James Cummings Street 6-4141

DR. PENFOLD? MY NAME'S RICHARDS—I LIVE AT 6438 NORTH WHIPPLE STREET! MY WIFE IS IN AWFUL PAIN! IT LOOKS LIKE APPENDICITIS—COULD YOU MAKE THIS CALL?

IT'S RATHER LATE, BUT SINCE IT'S AN EMERGENCY... VERY WELL, I'LL BE THERE WITHIN THE HOUR!

EUSTACE, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS RICHARDS FELLOW! WHY CAN'T THEY SEND FOR AN AMBULANCE?

IT MIGHT ONLY BE A GASTRIC DISTURBANCE, MY DEAR, AND THE HOSPITALS ARE TERRIBLY UNDER STAFFED! ILLNESS DOESN'T COME BY APPOINTMENT—NEITHER SHOULD GOOD DOCTORS! I'LL BE BACK BY TWELVE!

HERE COMES THE SUCKER!

6438 NORTH WHIPPLE STREET—HMM... IT'S QUITE A WAY FROM MY USUAL PRACTICE! I WONDER HOW RICHARDS GOT MY NAME—PROBABLY BY REPUTATION!

STRANGE—NO LIGHTS ON IN THE HOUSE! I WONDER IF I'VE GOT THE RIGHT ADDRESS—LET ME SEE!

DR. PENFOLD?

OH!... A... ARE YOU RICHARDS? HEY, WHAT'S THE GUN FOR?

YOU'LL FIND OUT! WE WERE GETTIN' WORRIED ABOUT YOU! I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT NOT SHOW UP—GET BACK INTO YOUR CAR, CROAKER!

# OBEY THE LAW



NOW I GET IT—YOU LURED ME OUT HERE TO ROB ME! WELL, YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! I DOUBT IF I HAVE EVEN TEN' DOLLARS IN MY WALLET!

WE'LL SEE FOR OURSELVES—GET IN!



HE WASN'T KIDDIN'—TEN BUCKS, THAT'S ALL HE'S GOT!

HE'S GOT NOTHIN' IN THE SATCHEL, EITHER, EXCEPT A LOT OF SCREWY LOOKIN' KNIVES!

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? YOU WEREN'T SO SMART AFTER ALL, WERE YOU?



YOU GOKKIN'! GIMME THEM KNIVES! THIS DOCTOR THINKS HE'S A WISE GUY! I'LL STUFF A BANDAGE IN HIS MOUTH TO KEEP 'IM QUIET!

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! I'LL STUFF A BANDAGE IN HIS MOUTH TO KEEP 'IM QUIET!



YEAH, DOCTOR, IT AIN'T ONLY YOUR APPENDIX WE'RE GONNA TAKE OUT—HOLD 'EM, BOB—AN' DURL, SPIT THAT STUFF OUT—IT'S RUBBIN' ALCOHOL—IT'LL KILL YA!



WELL, PUT ANOTHER ONE IN! I GOT MORE WORK TO DO!  
YEEEEE!!

HE PUSHED THE GAG OUT WITH HIS TONGUE, EMIL!



WHEW—WHAT A SIGHT—IT TURNS MY STOMACH!

G'WAN, IT'S THAT RUBBIN' ALCOHOL YOU DRANK!

STOP IT, DURL, YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY HEART! LET'S SKIDOO OUT OF HERE, BEFORE HIS WIFE STARTS MISSIN' THE STIFF!



YOU SAY HE WENT TO 6438 NORTH WHIPPLE STREET FOUR HOURS AGO, AND HASN'T RETURNED? SURE, MRS. PENFOLD, WE'LL CHECK IT FOR YOU!

PLEASE, OFFICER, AS SOON AS YOU CAN! THE PATIENT'S NAME WAS RICHARDS!



WHOEVER DID THIS WAS A BLOOD-THIRSTY MANIAC! IN A WAY IT REMINDS ME OF THAT TAILOR'S MURDER THREE WEEKS AGO!

THESE KILLERS AREN'T PROFESSIONAL CROOKS! THEY'RE WILD-EYED AMATEURS WITH NO BRAINS—NO FEAR OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF MURDER! THEY'RE A BAND OF HUMAN SCORPIONS!



DO CREATURES LIKE THESE DESERVE THE NAME OF HUMAN BEINGS—AFTER THIS? DO THEY DESERVE TO WALK THE FACE OF THE EARTH AS FREE MEN? YOU KNOW THE ANSWER, BUT THAT GRUESOME THREESOME DIDN'T!

# OBEY THE LAW



JUST BECAUSE WE MUFFED ONE JOB DON'T MEAN THE DOCTOR RACKET AIN'T A GOOD ONE! CHANCES ARE THE NEXT CROAKER WILL BE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

I'M GAME—HERE'S A RED BOOK—ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!

L...LOOK—UNDER "D" ;HIC; "D" FOR DOUGH—JUST A HUNCH!



FROM JANUARY 4TH TO JANUARY 10TH, EMIL THE TERRIBLE WAGED WAR WITH THE MEDICAL PROFESSION! ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 4TH, DR. JOSEPH MOLDER WAS FOUND LYING IN A LOT WITH A FRACTURED SKULL!

HE'S LUCKIER THAN PENFOLD! HE'LL LIVE!



...AND ON JANUARY 5TH, IT WAS DR. ALBERT TYREL!

THESE PILL-PUSHERS ARE SAINTS! THEY'LL GET UP ANY TIME OF THE NIGHT TO FIX SOMEBODY'S BELLYPACHE!

BUT WHO'LL FIX HIS?



ON JANUARY 6TH, 8TH, AND 9TH, THREE MORE DOCTORS SUFFERED IDENTICAL FATES! THE PATTERN BECAME CLEAR!

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN O'LEARY OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

GOOD EVENING! I MUST WARN EVERY DOCTOR IN CHICAGO THAT HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER, IF HE VENTURES OUT ON CALLS TO UNKNOWN PATIENTS AFTER A REASONABLE HOUR! IF YOU MUST, CALL YOUR NEAREST POLICE STATION FOR AN ESCORT!



FOR UNKNOWN REASONS, A GROUP OF MANIACS ARE OUT TO REVENGE THEMSELVES ON CHICAGO'S PHYSICIANS!

THE BULLS THINK IT'S ONLY CROAKERS WE HATE!

HE'S NUTS—WE HATE EVERYBODY!



DOCTORS OF CHICAGO, DO NOT MAKE LATE CALLS UNTIL THESE KILLERS ARE APPREHENDED! DO NOT...  
CLICK

WE'LL SHOW 'EM! WE AIN'T PARTICULAR—FROM NOW ON EVERYBODY GETS THE SUNSHINE BLOWN INTO, 'EM! ON YOUR FEET, DURL—WE'RE GONNA HAVE FUN!



I GOTTA LAUGH AT THEM BULLS—CHASIN' THEIR TAILS AROUND FOR DOCTOR KILLERS!

HOW ABOUT ;HIC; SPECIALIZIN' IN LIQUOR STORES FOR A ;HIC; WHILE!

LEAVE IT TO YOU TO THINK OF THAT—AS IF YOU WEREN'T COCK-EYED ENOUGH ALREADY!



WHAT'S A MATTER WITH LIQUOR STORES? BESIDES, I'M GETTIN' KINDA LOW!

NO MORE SPECIALIZIN'! THAT'S WHAT GOT THE COPPER WARM ON OUR TAILS—RIGHT, EMIL?

THE FOOLS—THE CONTEMPTIBLE, MAD FOOLS!

RIGHT! YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY YOUR BOOZE LEGAL, DURL—AFTER WE CASH IN ON THAT GROCERY ACROSS THE STREET!

# OBEY THE LAW

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE ROBBED AND KILLED ENOUGH! IF YOU COULD HEAR ME, I'D TELL YOU WHEN AND HOW YOU'LL GET YOURS! IT MIGHT SAVE THE LIVES YOU ARE STILL TO TAKE!

NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT—THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY INSIDE! WE'LL GIVE HIM SWIMMIN' LESSONS IN HIS PICKLE BARREL!

IT'S NOT ONLY ONE MAN YOU'RE HARMING, EMIL—IT'S ALL MEN—IT'S 14-0,000,000 PEOPLE, WHOSE OFFICERS WILL RUN YOU DOWN IN THE END! YOU'RE THREE RATS FIGHTING AN ARMY OF MEN! YOU'VE GOT TO LOSE—CAN'T YOU SEE?

REACH, MISTER—OKAY, SO YOU DON'T REACH!

YOU'D THINK IT WAS THEIR LIFE SAVINGS, THE WAY THESE SAPS TRY TO SAVE A LOUSY TWENTY BUCKS!

UGHHH!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

ON JANUARY 12TH THEY BROKE INTO 84-YEAR-OLD JAN HUBAY'S HOUSE AT THREE IN THE MORNING!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, LET HIM GO EMIL! HE WAS DEAD LONG AGO!

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? WE GOT LOTS'A TIME—I JUST LIKE TO DO A JOB RIGHT!

WHOEVER TOLD YOU HUBAY HAD GOLD HIDDEN HERE WAS FULL OF BULL—ABOUT TWO BUCKS IN CHANGE 15 ALL THAT'S IN HERE!

WH..WHAT? WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THE LYIN' BUM! IT WAS THAT RUBBER-LIP BARTENDER AT DONEY'S!

"ON JANUARY 13TH, THEY WAITED FOR JOSEPH RUBIO, A LAUNDRYMAN, TO MAKE A DELIVERY!"

GRAB HIS DOUGH QUICK, BEFORE THE JOINT STARTS JUMPIN'!

WE SURE TAKE A LOTTA RISKS FOR A LOUSY TEN BUCKS! DOESN'T NOBODY HAVE DOUGH IN THIS BURG?

IT WAS DIFFERENT WHEN WE WERE HEISTIN' THEM DOCTORS! WHY DON'T WE GO BACK TO CROAKERS EMIL?

WHY NOT? WE'RE BOUND TO FIND A CROAKER DUMB ENOUGH TO GO OUT ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY!.

CRANDELL HUBERT, M. D., TALKING! OH, OH, NOTHING DOING—CALL A HOSPITAL!

YES, THIS IS DR. NICKELSON! SORRY, I SEE PATIENTS ONLY BY APPOINTMENT, UNLESS I KNOW THEM!

SORRY—I NEVER HEARD OF YOU—CERTAINLY NOT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! DO YOU THINK I'M CRAZY? DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO DOCTORS IN CHICAGO?

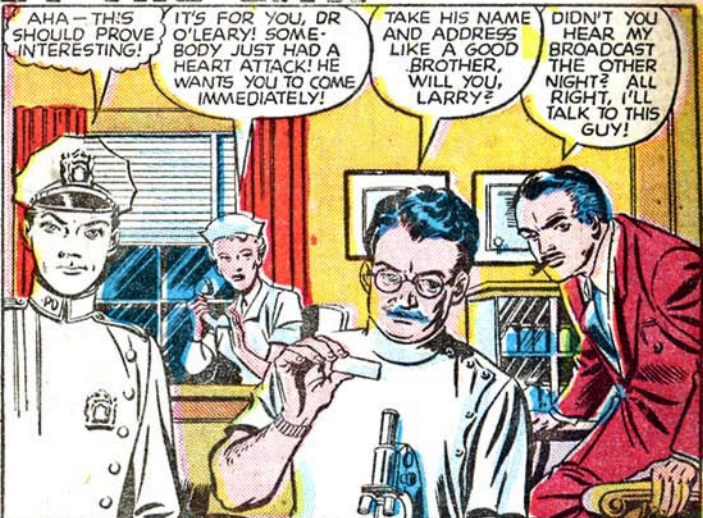
# OBEDY THE LAW



IT'S NO DICE—THEY WON'T COME OUT! THAT POLICE WARNIN' SCARED 'EM STIFF!

TRY THISH ONE—O'LEARY—DR. WILLIAM B.—O'LEARY—COMET AVENUE. COMET 7-9160!

SURE, TRY O'LEARY—YOU GOT ANOTHER NICKEL, AIN'T YOU?



AHA—TH'S SHOULD PROVE INTERESTING!

IT'S FOR YOU, DR O'LEARY! SOMEBODY JUST HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE WANTS YOU TO COME IMMEDIATELY!

TAKE HIS NAME AND ADDRESS LIKE A GOOD BROTHER, WILL YOU, LARRY?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR MY BROADCAST THE OTHER NIGHT? ALL RIGHT, I'LL TALK TO THIS GUY!



I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHIN' DOC! MY BROTHER'S DYIN'! YOU'LL COME? OH, THANKS, DOC—YOU'RE A PEACH!

GIVE HIM THIS ADDRESS—IT'S AN EMPTY APARTMENT OVER A ROLLER SKATIN' RINK!



BUT I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT DOCTORS TO MAKE CALLS AFTER 11:00 P.M.!

THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT! I RECOGNIZED THIS VOICE—CAN'T PLACE IT, OF COURSE, BUT IT'S ON THE LEVEL! HEADQUARTERS? GIVE ME THE RIOT SQUAD!



IS HE COMIN', EMIL?

YEAH, HE'S ON HIS WAY UP NOW! WAIT TILL HE GETS INSIDE! THE NOISE OF THE SKATERS WILL DROWN OUT THE NOISES!



OKAY, BOYS, CLOSE IN! TRAIN THE LIGHTS ON THE WINDOWS WHEN YOU GET O'LEARY'S SIGNAL!



YOU TALK TO HIM, BOB—HE KNOWS YOUR VOICE!

RIGHT THIS WAY, DR. O'LEARY! SECOND FLOOR! SORRY ABOUT THE LIGHTS!

IT IS PRETTY DARK—I CAN'T SEE MY WAY, BUT I HAVE A SEARCH LIGHT! YOU DON'T MIND IF I USE IT?



SURE—HELP YOURSELF! IT'S OUR LOUSY SUPER—HE WON'T REPAIR NOTHIN'! HEY—NOT IN MY EYES, DOC!



# OBEY THE LAW



IT'S GOETHE, ALL RIGHT! CLOSE IN, BOYS!

EMIL!! EMIL!! IT'S A TRAP!! HELP ME, EMIL!



YOU BET IT'S A TRAP-- AND IT'S SHUT!

KEEP THE DOOR BEHIND ME COVERED!



THE PLACE IS SURROUNDED, SO WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THAT ROOM ALIVE, IF YOU DON'T COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! WE'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS!

AN' I'LL GIVE YA TEN SLUGS IN THE HEAD! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, DURL, AN' SEE IF THE FIRE ESCAPE IS CLEAR!

YOU BET, EMIL! I... SURE WILL-- THE FIRE ESCAPE! I'LL L...LOOK, AN' SEE!

BANG!



THERE'S ONE AT THE WINDOW-- LET HIM HAVE IT!

WE'RE SURROUNDED-- THAT LOUSY CROAKER DOUBLE-CROSSED US!

FIRE THE TEAR GUNS!

IT AIN'T CLEAR, EMIL!

RAT



EEEMIL... I CAN'T STAND IT! :COUGH: GOTTA GET OUT! :COUGH, COUGH:

ME, TOO! :COUGH: :COUGH:



D.. DON'T SHOOT!! :COUGH: :COUGH: WE GIVE UP!!

LIEUTENANT, COLLECT SOME OF THOSE DEATOS WHO WERE BEATEN! I WANT THESE VERMIN IDENTIFIED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



YES-- THEY'RE THE ONES! I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!

I'D HAVE REMEMBERED THOSE FACES TO MY DYING DAY!

YOU! YOU DRUNKEN DIPSO-- IT WAS YOU WHO PICKED O'LEARY'S NAME OUT OF THE PHONE BOOK!



I KNEW YOU'D RUIN US SOME DAY, YOU BOOZE-BATTY IDIOT! IF I HAD A HATCHET, I'D BURY IT IN YOUR ALKY-SOAKED BRAIN!

ALL RIGHT, SMART GUY, WHY DIDN'T YA STOP ME? YOU KNEW THE COP'S NAME WAS O'LEARY, TOO!

LIKE ANIMALS, THE THREE WRETCHES ACCUSED ONE ANOTHER! THEY SCREAMED, THEY BRAWLED-- BUT TO NO AVAIL! EACH GOT 199 YEARS IN PRISON!



WE WERE LICKED BY A LOUSY ACCIDENT! WHO COULD'VE KNOWN THAT THE POLICE CAPTAIN'S BROTHER WAS THE CROAKER WE CALLED?

I WOULD HAVE TOLD YOU IF YOU COULD HAVE HEARD ME! I KNEW IT FROM THE START! YOUR KIND OF "ACCIDENT" SENDS THOUSANDS OF FOOLS TO JAILS AND HOT SEATS EVERY YEAR! YOUR MISTAKE IS THE COLLOSAL MISTAKE OF CRIME ITSELF A MISTAKE THAT PAYS OFF IN DEATH, OR A LIFETIME OF LIVING DEATH FOR THOSE WHO DON'T BELIEVE THAT EVERY CRIME HAS ITS PUNISHMENT!

THE END

# A Message from—



**A copy of the following letter was mailed to every writer, artist and contributor to our magazines. We thought that reproducing it here would help to better acquaint you with the care and attention that all material published in our magazines is given.**

To all artists, writers and editorial affiliates, these restrictions must be adhered to. The following series of "don'ts" was conceived with the intention of establishing a much needed form of self-imposed censorship. That this is an essential step to further elevate the importance of comic magazines, is unanimously agreed to. Although we have followed most of these directives for many years, this is a more solidified and sterner reiteration.

1. In the illustration of women and girls, regardless of character, no scarcity of clothing will be accepted and no attempt to emphasize sex appeal will be permitted for publication.
2. Stories dealing with sadism or torture of any form or sex-motivated crimes will not be accepted.
3. No strips shall contain either in dialogue or illustration names of known concerns or people, such as names on buildings and backgrounds, or attempts at personal humor in lead story characters in **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** and **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** of any known person.
4. Law officers, F.B.I. agents, judges and lawyers must be pictured both in appearance and dialogue in a favorable light.
5. Criminals will not be made attractive either in physical appearance or character.
6. All criminal acts or moral violations by characters in stories must be accounted for by legal punishment and the punishment must fit the crime.
7. No relatives of criminals will be referred to in a story unless vital to its structure and, in that case, only in a favorable light. This is in reference to **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** and **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**.
8. Criminals must not be shown to enjoy a criminal act. This means no laughter or glee during the commission of a crime.
9. Gun molls and female criminals must not be made too attractive. They should, instead, be made typical and as relatively varied in bone structure as the male characters.
10. In the illustration of wounds, they must not be shown open. Blood must not be shown flowing from the face or mouth of a man and no blood to be shown flowing from women.
11. No reference shall be made to characters in regard to race, color or religion.
12. Any political propaganda is definitely out—in other words—no between-the-lines political soap-boxing.

These rules must be adhered to. I cannot stress these points hard enough. Should any of these points need further clarification, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

C. B.

Permission is hereby granted to other comic publishers and editors who may wish to make similar use of this list.

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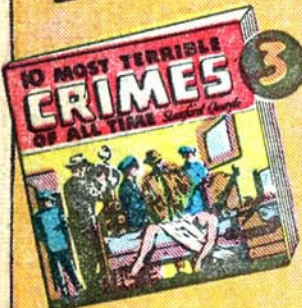


## 2 GREATEST PRISON BREAKS OF ALL TIME

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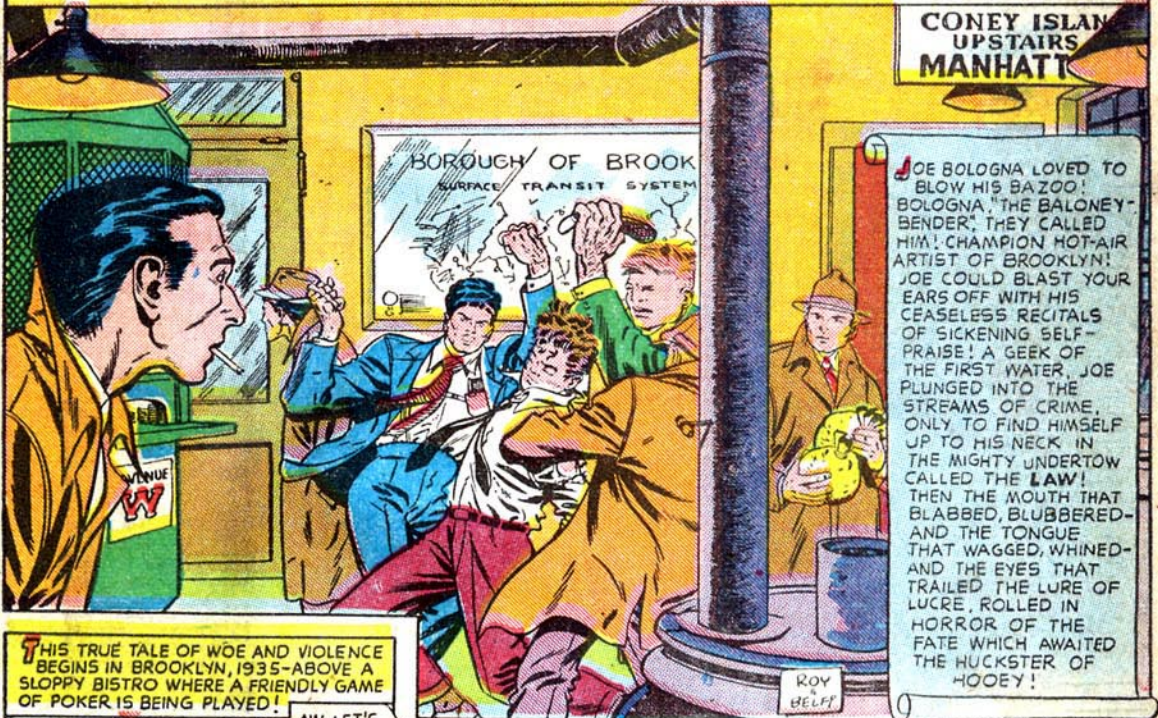
DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



# JOE BOLOGNA

## THEY CALLED HIM "BALONEY BENDER"!

AS ROTTEN AN EGG AS EVER PICKED ON A SMALLER GUY—A CONCEITED, PRAISE-HUNGRY KNOW-IT-ALL, WHO WAS TOUGH ONLY WHEN HIS BRASS-KNUCKLED PALS WERE AROUND HIM!



JOE BOLOGNA LOVED TO BLOW HIS BAZOO! BOLOGNA, THE BALONEY BENDER, THEY CALLED HIM! CHAMPION HOT-AIR ARTIST OF BROOKLYN! JOE COULD BLAST YOUR EARS OFF WITH HIS CEASELESS RECITALS OF SICKENING SELF-PRAISE! A GEEK OF THE FIRST WATER, JOE PLUNGED INTO THE STREAMS OF CRIME, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF UP TO HIS NECK IN THE MIGHTY UNDERTOW CALLED THE LAW! THEN THE MOUTH THAT BLABBED, BLUBBERED—AND THE TONGUE THAT WAGGED, WHINED—AND THE EYES THAT TRAILED THE LURE OF LUCRE, ROLLED IN HORROR OF THE FATE WHICH AWAITED THE HUCKSTER OF HOOEY!

THIS TRUE TALE OF WOE AND VIOLENCE BEGINS IN BROOKLYN, 1935—ABOVE A SLOPPY BISTRO WHERE A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER IS BEING PLAYED!

WHAT KIND OF A HAND DO YA CALL THIS? YA DIDN'T GIVE ME NOTHIN' ABOVE A SIX!

AFTER I SEEN WHAT YA DONE WITH THAT PAT HAND, BUMBLE-DOG, A BLANK IS MORE THAN YA DESERVE—T PASS! WHO'S OPENIN'?

AW, LET'S KNOCK OFF! WE CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON THE GAME AND JOE'S LATE! HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE AN HOUR AGO!

NOBODY'S QUITTIN'—NOT WHILE I'M LOSIN'! ANYWAY, WHO IN HECK ASKED YOU TO PLAY IN THE FIRST PLACE! EVERY TIME YOU GET A BUCK AHEAD, YA WANNA GO HOME AND SEW IT INTO YOUR MATTRESS!

MIS-DEAL, MY EYE! PICK UP THEM CARDS, YA LOUSY SOREHEAD, OR I'LL PULVERIZE YA!

SAVE IT! HERE'S JOE AN' PETE! THEY'RE SMILIN'—SO I GUESS EVERYTHING MUSTA WENT OKAY!



THERE WAS TOO MUCH TALKIN' IN THIS HAND! TONGUE WAGGIN' AN' POKER DON'T MIX WITH ME! MIS-DEAL!

SHUT UP AND DEAL—I WANT ONE CARD!



CUT OUT THIS KID STUFF! WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TALK OVER!

# OBEY THE LAW

ALLOW ME THE GREAT PLEASURE OF INTRODUCIN' THE TOAST OF AVENUE T, THE HOTTEST CONVINCER IN DODGERLAND, PRESIDENT OF THE KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS!

QUIT KIDDIN' AROUND, AN' GET DOWN TO FACTS!

PIPE DOWN AN' I'LL MAKE LIKE A FISCAL REPORT! CHARTER MEMBERS OF KINDNESS, INK YER DUES-PAYIN' PALS AS ALL PAID UP AS OF NOW! IT WAS A CLEAN SWEEP-ALL EXCEPT FOR ONE!

"WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE CONVINCING OLD MAN TIMMONS! HE SAID HE BELONGED TO THE KNIGHTS OF PIETY! SO PETE AN' ME, WE SHOWED TIMMONS THE BENEFITS OF BELONGIN' TO THE KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS!"

NOW HIS OTHER GLIMMER, PETE! ONLY SORT OF TWIST THE KNUCKLES THIS TIME!

NO-NO! ENOUGH! I'LL JOIN!

I THOUGHT THESE WOULD MAKE YOU COME AROUND! I'M GONNA GIVE YA JUST ONE MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE!

"THEN WE VISITED THE SCAPA BROTHERS AN' COLLECTED A HUNDRED BUCKS IN INITIATION FEES!"

WHAT IF SOME DRUNK BUMPED INTO YA-AN YOUR FINGERS GOT PUSHED INTO ONE OF YOUR MACHINES?

BUT OF COURSE THAT'S SOMETHING THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YA, IF YA BELONG TO OUR BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATION!

"THAT HASH-SLINGER WHO RUNS THE COFFEE POT ON AVENUE U- HE COULDN'T SEE OUR KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS, FOR LOVE OR MONEY."

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GROZA-DON'T YA LIKE MUSTARD? MAKE BELIEVE YER EATIN' YER LOUSY HOT DOGS! THE ONES YA STUFF WITH HORSE MEAT!

TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, WE COLLECTED A HALF A 'G'! ONLY ONE GUY SPOILED A PERFECT RECORD-SCARUSO! AN' NOTHIN' WE COULD SAY CONVINCED HIM! HE HAD A GUN!

WE FIGURED ONE NIGHT WE COULD GO AROUND AN' TAKE HIS ROD AWAY FROM HIM! HE SURE NEEDS THE PROTECTION OF OUR KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS!

SCARUSO WILL GET HIS TOMORROW-JUST AFTER HE OPENS UP-MEANWHILE, WE CAN SQUARE UP! I'LL DECIDE ALL THE SPLITS! AS PRESIDENT, I TAKE \$200. AS VICE-PRESIDENT, PETE GETS \$100. FOUR CHARTER MEMBERS GET \$50 EACH! IF YA GOT ANY GRIPES, LET'S HEAR THEM NOW! I DON'T WANT NO BEEFIN' BEHIND MY BACK!

YOU'LL NEVER HEAR ME SQUAWK ABOUT GETTIN' MONEY FOR NOTHIN'! YOU'RE THE BOSS IN THIS OUT-FIT-WHAT YOU SAY, GOES!

NOW YER THINKIN' WITH YER NOODLES! IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, YOU GUYS WOULD BE PLUCKIN' CHICKENS, OR DIGGIN' DITCHES!

RIGHT! AN' NOW THAT WE GOT A POT OF MONEY, HOW ABOUT SOME DAMES?

SURE, LET'S GIVE THE JANES AT CONEY A BREAK!

TELL 'EM, JOE! TELL 'EM HOW SOME DAY WE'LL HAVE BOILERS A BLOCK LONG-A CHAUFFEUR AN' A SPEAKIN' TUBE!

HEY, JOE! YA PASSED A RED LIGHT!

RED'S FOR THE SUCKERS! I SEE NOTHIN' BUT GREEN AHEAD... GREEN LIGHTS AND GREEN LETTUCE!

# OBEDY THE LAW



WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO FOR A PLACE TO PARK? CONEY'S REALLY PACKED TONIGHT!

HEY, JOE, UP THERE—A CAR IS BACKIN' INTO A SPOT! BEAT 'IM TO IT!

OH, YEAH—I SEE 'IM!



HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I FOUND THIS SPOT FIRST! MAYBE YOU WANT A PUNCH IN THE NOSE!

SHOVE OFF, STIFF! THAT SPOT'S RESERVED FOR IMPORTANT PEOPLE. SCRAM!



AREN'T YOU THE BRAVE GUY, WITH FOUR MUGGS ON YOUR SIDE! OH, OH, A GUN, TOO!

PLEASE DON'T START ANYTHING—LET'S GO JOHN! I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS!

WHAT'S A MATTER? WHY DON'T YA PUNCH ME IN THE NOSE, LIKE YOU SAID? GO ON, SISTER, GET HIM OUT OF HERE, BEFORE HE BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!



HA, HA, YOU SURE SCARED 'EM, JOE! YA JUST WAVED YER PLUGSTICK ONCE, AN' THEY BLEW! YOU' HAD HIM SHAKIN' IN HIS PANTS!

HEY-GUYS, LOOK—I'M A MONKEY IN A 'CO— EK! EK!

YOU'RE A MONKEY, ALL RIGHT, PINKY—THAT'S A POLICE CAR!

WHO WANTS A FANCY STRAW HAT?

HEY!!



HEY WILLIE—THEY'RE HERE AGAIN! GET A COP—THAT GANG OF HOODLUMS IS CRAZY! THEY'RE THE ONES THAT ALMOST WRECKED THE JOINT LAST WEEK!

HEY, JOE, LOOKA—LET'S GO INTO THE BARREL!



HA, HA! HIYA, GOOD LOOKIN'—OOPS! SORRY—THAT DOPE BACK THERE PUSHED ME! HA, HA, HA!

YIIIII! I'M ROLLIN'—I'M FALLIN'!

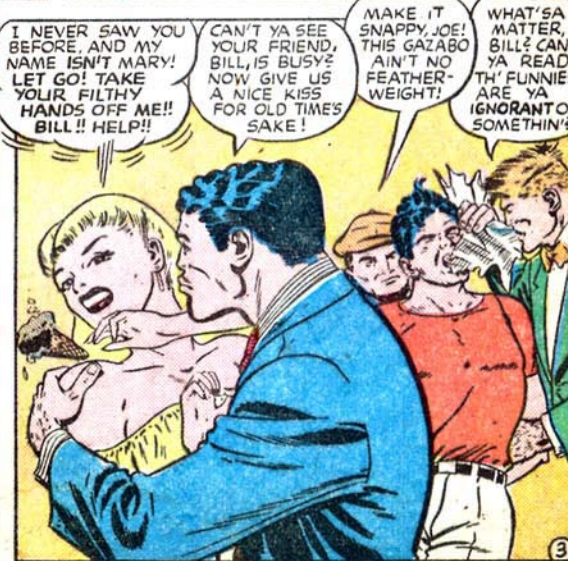
LET GO OF ME, YOU FOOL—MY GLASSES!



MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT WHO YOU'RE CALLIN' A FOOL! IF YOUR MOTHER DIDN'T TEACH YA MANNERS, I WILL!

HEY, JOE, LOOKIT THAT BLONDE—NOT BAD, EH?

YEAH, YEAH, SHE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! HEY, MARY!



I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE, AND MY NAME ISN'T MARY! LET GO! TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!! BILL!! HELP!!

CAN'T YA SEE YOUR FRIEND, BILL, IS BUSY? NOW GIVE US A NICE KISS FOR OLD TIMES SAKE!

MAKE IT SNAPPY, JOE! THIS GAZABO AIN'T NO FEATHER-WEIGHT!

WHAT'S A MATTER, BILL? CAN'T YA READ TH' FUNNIES? ARE YA IGNORANT OR SOMETHIN'?

# OBEY THE LAW



HOLD HIM DOWN, ROCCO! I WANNA BOP HIM A GOOD ONE - TA PUT HIM TA SLEEP!

CHEEZE IT! THE COPS!

OKAY, HONEY! YOU WERE SAVED BY THE BELL! YOU DON'T GET KISSED!



DON'T PUSH THAT SWITCH! THE TRACK IS NOT CLEAR! YOU WILL CAUSE AN ACCIDENT! OW!

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT'S GONNA HAVE THE ACCIDENT!



HEY, JOE, THIS CUTIE'S BOYFRIEND CAN'T THINK MUCH OF HER, LETTIN' HER FLOAT AROUND BY HERSELF!

YIII!

MAYBE HE DON'T APPRECIATE HER, BUT I WILL! MEET YOUR NEW BOYFRIEND, HONEY!



HEY, JOE! HER BOY FRIEND SAYS HE'S ENGAGED TO HER AN' DOESN'T LIKE OUR COMPETITION!

WE DON'T LIKE HIS EITHER! DROP HIM OVER THE RAILING!



DON'T WORRY! JUST FOLLOW YOUR HEAD AN' YOU WON'T GET HURT!

DON'T HELP! YEOWW!

THERE THEY ARE! ON THAT BALCONY! YOU GO IN FROM THAT SIDE! I'LL COVER THE EXIT!



JIGGERS! COPPERS! I KNOW A SIDE WAY OUT BY THE FERRIS WHEEL! DOWN THIS WAY! FOLLOW ME!

HEY, JOE, LOOKA ME! JUST LIKE THEM PITCHERS OF THE FOOTBALL STARS IN THE MOVIES! I SHOULDA WENT TO COLLEGE!

COLLEGE? YOU DIDN'T EVEN FINISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL!



I BET IT'LL BE IN ALL THE PAPERS, JOE! THEY'LL NEED THE AGONY WAGON FOR THAT LUG WE SHOVED OVER THE RAILIN'!

LIKE HECK! THE BULLS DON'T LIKE IT WHEN THEY ARE SHOWED UP! THEY KEEP THINGS LIKE THAT QUIET!

SURE, YA GOTTA GET CAUGHT TO BUST INTO PRINT! C'MON, LET'S GET SOME PIZZA!



HEY, JOE, LOOKIT! I'M DANCIN'!

TEE, HEE!

TONIGHT, WE TAKE CARE OF THE DAMES! TOMORROW MORNING, WE TAKE CARE OF SCARUSO!



MORNIN' SCARUSO! DON'T BOTHER SWEEPIN'! WE'RE GONNA MOP THE FLOOR UP WITH YOU!

B-BOLOGNA!

# OBEY THE LAW

I...I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT JOININ' YOUR OUTFIT! I'LL GIVE YOU THE HUNDRED—IT'S HERE IN MY DRAWER! OWW...

YOU MUST THINK EVERYBODY IS AS DUMB AS YOU ARE! GET YOUR MITTS OUT OF THAT DRAWER! BOYS, SHOW MR. SCARUSO WHY HE SHOULD BUY PROTECTION FROM OUR SOCIETY!

HEY, JOE, LOOK—HE DIDN'T HAVE NO MONEY IN THE DRAWER! HE WAS REACHIN' FOR HIS ROD—IS HE THE WISE GUY! I'M GONNA EMPTY HIS OWN GUN INTO HIS BELLY!

NOT THAT, PETE—THAT'S BAD BUSINESS! DEAD MEN CAN'T PAY DUES! HERE—START INITIATIN' HIM WITH THIS!

WHAT'CHA YELLIN' ABOUT—YOU'RE GETTIN' A FREE SHAVE, AIN'T YA? AN' I NEVER WENT TO A BARBER COLLEGE!

GIVE 'EM A CLOSE SHAVE, BUT DON'T LET HIM PASS OUT! HE'S GOTTA BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS MEMBERSHIP OATH—DON'T FORGET!

I GIVE UP! YES, I'LL PAY YOU! I'LL PAY YOU!

SAY IT AFTER ME, BROTHER SCARUSO—I SWEAR TO BE A LOYAL MEMBER OF THE KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS AND WILL CONTRIBUTE FORTY BUCKS A WEEK AS DUES FOR PROTECTION FROM NO-GOOD BUMS THAT MIGHT WANNA BEAT ME UP OR WRECK MY JOINT!"

GO ON— SAY IT!!

I...T...TONY SCARUSO... OHH...

HEY, JOE, LOOKIT—WE MADE THE LAST PAGE! IT'S ABOUT US AT CONEY—IT DOESN'T MENTION OUR NAMES, OF COURSE, BUT ONE OF THE MOPES WE HIT GOT A FRACTURED SKULL!

LEMME SEE IT!

THE LAST PAGE, EH? THE REAR END OF THE RAG! THAT PAGE IS FOR GOOSEBERRY PICKERS! JOE BOLOGNA RATES THE FRONT PAGE!

THAT'S NOT FOR ME! SOME GUYS THAT MAKE THE FRONT PAGE MAKE WITH THE HOT SEAT, TOO!

C'MON, YOU GUYS—I'M GONNA MAKE US FAMOUS!

WE'RE GONNA PULL THE FIRST JOB THAT LOOKS LIKE A BUCK, AN' WE AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL WE'RE ROOMIN' AT THE RITZ!

HEY, LOOK UP THERE ON THE ELEVATOR—WHAT'S THAT FUNNY LOOKIN' TRAIN?

IT'S A GUN-LOADED MAN-O-WAR! THAT'S THE TRAIN THAT COLLECTS THE DOUGH FROM ALL THE STATION AGENTS!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S HOW WE'RE GONNA GET OUR LIMOUSINES AN' OUR NAMES IN BIG LETTERS! ONLY FIRST, A FEW THINGS GOTTA BE TAKEN CARE OF—LIKE GUNS, FOR INSTANCE! WE GOT ONE, ROD BETWEEN US, SCARUSOS! MIKE, YOU'RE THE GUY THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE PAWSIE WITH ALL THE PAWNBROKERS—HOW ABOUT IT?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? THEY'D SOONER PART WITH AN ARM THAN SELL A ROD WITHOUT A PERMIT! AND WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'D GET ONE?

A PERMIT? ANYONE CAN GET A GAT WITH A PERMIT! THAT'S NO TRICK! YOU HEARD JOE, SO GET GOIN' AN' DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT 'EM!



# OBEY THE LAW



I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE WHAT I HADDA GO THROUGH TO GET EVEN THIS ONE! WAIT, I'LL SHOW YA HOW IT LOOKS UP!

DON'T BOTHER- I CAN GUESS! OKAY, GUYS, THIS IS IT! OUR BIG STEP INTO BIG TIME! THE JOE BOLOGNA MOB IS GONNA TAKE AN EXPRESS TO THE TOP OF THE PILE! LETS GO!



I HOPE IT AIN'T TO THE TOP OF THE PILE OF STIFFS IN THE MORGUE! JOE TALKS TOO MUCH ABOUT SHOOTIN' A GUY WHEN HE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW A GAT FIRES!

SHUT UP, MIKE, OR HE'LL SHOW YA HOW IT FIRES! IF HE HEARS YA, HE'D SOONER PRACTICE ON YOU THAN A DUCK IN A SHOOTIN' GALLERY!



CHANGE THIS BILL!

I CAN'T DO IT! THAT'S A TWENTY, MISTER! WERE NOT REQUIRED TO CHANGE ANYTHING HIGHER THAN TWO DOLLARS! IT'S AGAINST OUR RULES!



OH YEAH? WE MAKE OUR OWN RULES! COME OUT OF THE CAGE!

YOU HEARD 'IM, YA CREEP! GET OUT OF THERE!



TAKE MY TIP! DON'T DO IT! YOU'RE A FOOL IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS! YOU'LL BE WISHIN' YOU TOOK MY ADVICE WHEN I GIVE 'EM A GOOD DESCRIPTION OF YOU!

BUT YOU WON'T, APSAY YOU WON'T BECAUSE I GOT A HEATER THAT'S HAVIN' IT'S COMIN' OUT PARTY RIGHT NOW!



YOU X@#!@ DEAD S@P'S CAN'T POINT FINGERS! YOU'LL BE THROUGH TALKIN' AFTER I BLOW YOU FULL OF HOLES!

WAIT A MINUTE, JOE! I'M ALL FOR BEATIN' HIM UP, BUT LET'S LAY OFF THE FIREWORKS! IF IT AIN'T NECESSARY, WHY DUST OFF THE HOT SEAT!



MIKE, YA WORRY ME! MIKE, YA GOT YELLOW WAYS! YA GOT A BIG RESPECT FOR THE BLUE BOYS! THAT AIN'T HEALTHY, FROM WHERE I SIT! YOU'RE TOO LIABLE TO END UP AS A FINGER LOUSE AND STICK US ALL IN THE HOT SQUAT!

J-JOE, DON'T GET ME WRONG! IT WAS ONLY AN IDEA ... A SUGGESTION! ?GULP? I JUST WANT TO BE CAREFUL!



JUST REMEMBER, IT'S ME YA GOT TO BE CAREFUL OF, MIKE-ME!

WE GOT 'IM SOFTEN A ONE-MINUTE EGG! NOW MAYBE HE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE HE YELLS COPPER!

HOW ARE YOU GUYS DOIN' WITH THE NICKEL-HEISTER?

SURE, JOE!



MAYBE, MAYBE NOT! ANYWAY, I'M TAKIN' NO CHANCES! PROP HIM AGAINST THE CAGE! C'MON, PETE, YOU AN' ME NEED TARGET! PRACTICE!

WE NEVER WENT IN FOR TOTAL WASH-OUTS BEFORE, JOE! THE COPS GO THROUGH A TOWN WITH A RAKE WHEN THEY FIND A SQUARE, ESPECIALLY A SQUARE LIKE HIM!

OKAY, JOE, IF HE AIN'T DEAD ALREADY!

# OBEY THE LAW



ME FIRST PETE!  
YOU CAN FINISH  
HIM OFF!

BANG  
BANG



AIM LOWER, YA  
COCK-EYED NUT!  
YER SPRAYIN' THE  
PLACE LIKE YER  
BLOWIN' A  
FLIT GUN!

I CAN'T  
HELP IT!  
THE GUN  
JUMPS!



I BROUGHT SCARUSO OUT  
OF THE COMA, INSPECTOR,  
JUST LONG ENOUGH TO  
HEAR HIM SAY IT WAS  
JOE AND THE KNIGHTS  
OF KINDNESS, WHOEVER  
THEY ARE; DOES THAT  
GIVE YOU ANY CLUES?

COULD BE!  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA! ANSWER  
THAT PHONE,  
WILL YOU,  
TOM?



IT'S THE D.A., INSPECTOR!  
HE WANTS YOU TO COME DOWN TO  
AVENUE W, STATION OF THE FLAT-  
BUSH EL! A STATION AGENT WAS  
MAULED AND SHOT TO DEATH IN  
A NICKEL BAG ROBBERY!

AVENUE W, EH?  
THAT'S JOE BOLOGNA'S  
STAMPING GROUNDS!



HE WAS MURDERED TWICE! POOR FELLOW, IT'S A  
CINCH HE NEVER COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE BEATING  
HE TOOK! THEN, AS IF THEY HADN'T MADE SURE, THEY  
EMPTIED THEIR GUNS INTO HIM! THIS BEATS THE  
MAZILLO CASE! GOT ANY SUSPICIONS?



IT'S GOT THE LABEL OF JOE BOLOGNA AND HIS HOP-HEADED  
HOODLUMS STAMPED ALL OVER  
IT! WE'VE HAD CONTINUAL COM-  
PLAINTS ABOUT THEM FROM  
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! I'M GOING  
TO PUT A TAIL ON EVERY DUMMY  
IN HIS MOB! SOONER OR LATER,  
ONE OF 'EM WILL TRY CHANGING  
THESE NICKELS AND DIMES  
INTO DOLLAR BILLS!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS? WE  
MADE THE FOURTH  
PAGE! THAT'S A  
25 PAGE JUMP!  
NEXT TIME, THE  
FRONT PAGE!  
HEY! WHERE  
ARE YOU  
GOING?

WERE GONNA UN-  
LOAD SOME OF  
THESE COINS! YA  
WANNA COME? ME  
AN' MIKE IS GONNA  
TRY DOLANS! DOLAN  
CAN USE THE CHANGE  
FOR THEM CRAP GAMES  
HE RUNS IN HIS  
BACK ROOM!



HERE, DOLAN, CHANGE  
THESE INTO BILLS! ME  
AN' JOE MADE A  
KILLIN' THE OTHER  
NIGHT! WE BUSTED  
A CRAP GAME!

SURE, IT'LL SAVE  
ME A TRIP TO THE  
BANK IN THE  
MORNIN'! HOW  
MUCH YOU GOT?  
THAT LOOKS  
LIKE AN' AWFUL  
BIG SACK!



YOU SLOW WITTED HIPPO! SO YOU  
REALLY THOUGHT YOU COULD GET  
AWAY WITH IT! FRISK THE LOT OF  
'EM! IF THEY MAKE ONE FALSE  
MOVE, BLOW THEIR ROTTEN  
BRAINS OUT!

WHATSA MATTER?  
WHAT DID WE  
DO?

# OBEY THE LAW

IT'S UP TO YOU! IF YOU SUCKERS WANT TO FRY WHILE JOE AND THE OTHERS GO ON LIVING MERRILY, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS!

PETE WON'T PIPE OFF, BUT WATCH ME—I'LL GIVE THAT @\*%\*!! BALONEY! THE BIGGEST DOUBLE-CROSS IN HISTORY! THE HOT BLASTIN' @\*%!!R GOT US INTO THIS! LET HIM FRY IN THE SAME JUICE! DO YA KNOW SAMMY'S POOL ROOM? —

I RAISE YOU TWO, WHAT DO YA DO?

EVERYBODY'S RAISIN'! RAISIN' TWO HANDS! GET 'EM UP, YOU PALOOKAS!

TAKE THESE HUMAN PIGS TO THE TOMBS! IF THEY DON'T GET THE CHAIR, I'M TURNING IN MY BADGE!

NOBODY'S GETTIN' NUTHIN'!

NBODY BUT YOU AND YOUR GOONS, JOE! MIKE SAWYERS SING-ING LIKE A HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARY RIGHT NOW!

IF WE COULD GET BOLOGNA TO CONFESS, WE'D HAVE THIS CASE SEWED UP TIGHTER THAN A GORILLA'S HUG!

THERE MIGHT BE A WAY AT THAT! BOLOGNA'S AS VAIN AS A PEACOCK! IF WE SET UP A BATTERY OF NEWSREEL CAMERAS, HE MIGHT SNAP AT THE PUBLICITY LIKE A RAT AT A TRAP!

HOW WOULD YOU FELLOWS LIKE TO TELL YOUR STORIES AND POSE BEFORE THE NEWSREEL CAMERAS?

SAY—THAT'S SOMETHIN'! WE'LL BE IN THE MOVIES!

OKAY, THEN! YOU FIRST, PETE—YOU KNOW MOST ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED!

WHO SAYS SO? MIKE'S A CHUMP—HE KNOWS NUTHIN'! I'M YER LEADIN' MAN, SEE? IT WAS ME WHO PLANNED THE WHOLE THING AND KILLED THE GUY! ARE YA' GETTIN' ALL THIS DOWN?

EVERY WORD! GO AHEAD BIG SHOT! JUST START FROM THE BEGINNING!

... THEN, WHEN THE GUYS BUSTED HIS RIBS, PETE AN' ME BLASTED 'IM TILL HE LOOKED LIKE IMPORTED SWISS CHEESE! AN' THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED AS TOLD BY THE PROFESSOR IN PERSON!

JOE TOLD IT RIGHT! GET ME IN THE CAMERA, TOO, WILL YA!

YEP, WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD CENTER, DON'T WORRY!

BROOKLYN HER...  
JOE BOLOGNA AND PETE DEDONNE TO GET CHAIR!  
THEIR ACCOMPLICES GET LIFE SENTENCES

I HEARD JOE BOLOGNA AND PETER DEDONNE DIED IN THE CHAIR THE OTHER NIGHT! HOW DID THAT BIG MOUTH BOLOGNA TAKE THE LAST MILE?

HE HAD TO BE CARRIED! HE SCREAMED LIKE A SIREN WAS STUCK IN HIS TONSILS!

PLEASE-DON'T, PLEASE! YEE-AAA-I DON'T WANT TO DIE-

HE WAS HOWLING WHEN THEY TURNED ON THE JUICE! DEDONNE WAS A HERO BY COMPARISON! HE JUST FAINTED!

I THINK THEY'RE FINALLY CONVINCED THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



# LESLEY KETCHELL

WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND AND A QUART DOWN HIS GULLET, HE THOUGHT HE WAS ALL THE THINGS HE WASN'T!

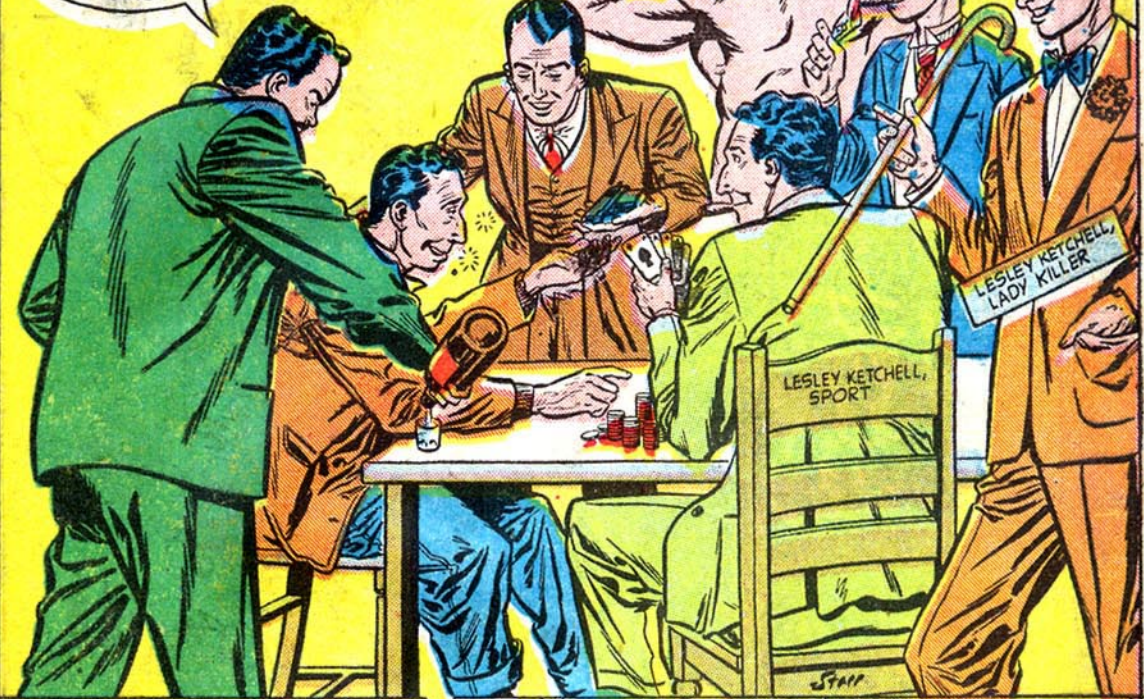
LESLEY KETCHELL, MUSCLE MAN

LESLEY KETCHELL, MONEY MAN

LESLEY KETCHELL, LADY KILLER

LESLEY KETCHELL, SPORT

TAKE ANOTHER HOOKER, LES, AND YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' LIKE ALL THESE GUYS!



EVERYTHING'S BEEN NICE AN' ORDERLY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, INSPECTOR - NOTHIN' NEW EXCEPT KELLY'S SALOON OVER THERE! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT FELLOW STAGGERING OUT, AND HIM STILL WITH HIS LUNCH PAIL - SQUANDERING HIS HARD EARNED MONEY! WHEN WILL THEY EVER GET WISE TO THEMSELVES, INSPECTOR?

NEVER, I GUESS! NOT THE SELFISH ONES, ANYWAY! WHAT DO THEY CARE IF THEIR WIVES AN' KIDS STARVE! THAT LITTLE GUY REMINDS ME OF LESLEY KETCHELL! DO YOU REMEMBER HIM, MAC?

NO, WHO WAS LESLEY KETCHELL?

OH, NOBODY IN ONE WAY, BUT IN ANOTHER - A LOT OF PEOPLE! THE UNIVERSE IS FULL OF LESLEY KETCHELLS - CRAVING ADVENTURE, EXCITEMENT, BIG DOUGH... AND FINDING IT IN A BOTTLE... IN THE MAGIC LIQUID THAT INJECTS FIRE INTO 'TIMID VEINS - PUTS BIG SCHEMES INTO PEANUT BRAINS AND GIVES THE STRENGTH OF HERCULES TO FLABBY BICEPS - SO THEY THINK!

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH FOR THEM, SO THEY TRY TO ESCAPE FROM LIFE BY DRINKING ROT GUT, NEVER REALIZING THAT THEY'RE MAKING THEIR LIFE A HUNDRED TIMES TOUGHER! SO IT WAS WITH LESLEY KETCHELL, WHO LIVED IN OUR FAIR CITY OF GARY, INDIANA, TWENTY-EIGHT! YEARS AGO, IN 1920...



# OBEY THE LAW

LESLEY THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS TRYING TO MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF HIM, BECAUSE HE HAD TO WORK HARD FOR A LIVING! HE WANTED TO DOUBLE CROSS IT BY MAKING EASY MONEY!

MAYBE MY LUCK WILL CHANGE TONIGHT! MAYBE I'LL ROLL UP A FORTUNE! IT'S POSSIBLE - I HEAR OF OTHER GUYS DOIN' IT - SO WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT BEIN' ME!



THAT'S IT, LES! DOWN THE HATCH! LADY LUCK CAN'T SPIT IN YOUR EYE FOREVER!

GEE, YOU GUYS SURE TREAT ME SWELL! GIMME THOSE GALLOPING DOMINOS, AN' WATCH ME MAKE 'EM ROLL SEVEN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GOON! HOW CAN ANYBODY BE SO SAPPY-TO PLAY FOR HOURS AN' NOT WISE UP THAT HE'S PLAYIN' WITH LOADED DICE!



I... I GUESS THAT CLEANS ME AGAIN, MURTAUGH... I OWE YOU TWO WEEKS' PAY ALREADY... I BETTER QUIT...

THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIT, LES - JUST WHEN YOUR LUCK IS DUE TO CHANGE! BESIDES, I DON'T FEEL RIGHT, WINNIN' ALL THAT DOUGH FROM YA! TELL YA WHAT - LET'S HAVE ONE MORE ROLL, DOUBLE OR NOTHIN' - YOU ROLL THEM!



THAT'S IT, LES - WARM 'EM UP - BLOW GOOD AND HARD!

C'MON, BABIES, BE GOOD TO PAPA! OHH - COME SEVEN!



GOSH... THAT'S WIFE OF YOU, MURTAUGH... GIVIN' ME A CHANCE TO WIN BACK... STILL... I DON'T KNOW... WHAT IF I LOSE? I'LL OWE YOU A MONTH'S PAY! I'M IN SUCH A HOLE NOW, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M EVER GONNA GET OUT OF IT!

HERE - TAKE ANOTHER DRINK, LES! IT'LL PUT STARCH IN YOUR SPINE! REMEMBER, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IF YOU DON'T TAKE CHANCES!



THAT'S TOUGH, LES! THAT'S CRAP FOR YOU! BETTER LUCK TOMORROW NIGHT!

TOO BAD, LES! THAT'S CRAP FOR YOU! BETTER LUCK TOMORROW NIGHT!

GULP! A M-MONTH'S SALARY... GONE!



"SO LES TOOK ANOTHER DRINK AND STUMBLER HOME!"

WHAT'RE THE KIDS CRYIN' FOR AGAIN? CAN'T YA SHUT 'EM UP? MUST THEY ALWAYS BE YAPPIN' WHEN I COME HOME? HIC?

THEY'RE CRYIN' BECAUSE THEY'RE HUNGRY! FOR WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN EATIN' BREAD CRUSTS AN' WHATEVER ELSE I PICK UP IN GARBAGE CANS! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO DO, LAUGH? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE LOST YOUR PAY CHECK GAMBLIN' AGAIN, YOU DIRTY, DRUNKEN BUM! YOU SHOULD BE HORSEWHIPPED!



YOU SHOULD SEE YOURSELF - SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!

SHUT YOUR TRAP!



DON'T I SLAVE ALL DAY? AIN'T I ENTITLED TO A LITTLE FUN? IF I LIKE TO TAKE A DRINK AN' GAMBLE A LITTLE - THAT'S MY BUSINESS! DON'T GET IT IN YOUR HEAD THAT YOU CAN DO ANYTHING TO STOP IT!



# OBEY THE LAW

**SOB:** I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, YOU WEAKLING! **SOB:** BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FEED THE CHILDREN FIRST!

**MARK MY WORDS!** ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL CLEAN UP... I'LL CLEAN UP BIG! A GUY'S LUCK HAS GOT TO CHANGE! **HIC:** THEN YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR TUNE, WON'T YA? **WELL,** IT WON'T DO YA? **HIC:** ANY GOOD! WHAT YOU'LL GET OUT OF ME, YOU CAN PUT IN A FLEA'S EYE!

**AND IN HIS DRUNKEN DREAMS, LESLEY SAW ONCE AGAIN THE VISION OF A GREAT LESLEY KETCHELL... A LESLEY KETCHELL WHO COULD COME TO LIFE, IF ONLY THE DICE ROLLED RIGHT... OR HIS HORSE CAME IN... OR IF THAT INSIDE STRAIGHT WERE ONLY FILLED!**

**ZZZZZZ**

**THERE GOES LESLEY KETCHELL—ANOTHER NICK THE GREEK... YOU OUGHTA SEE HIS STABLES... WHAT A STRING OF NAGS... AN' THE DAMES HE GOES AROUND WITH... ZIEGFELD COULDN'T GLORIFY THOSE BABES, ONLY LES KETCHELL!**

**YES!** I'M LESLEY KETCHELL—KING OF SEVEN-ELEVEN! I'VE GOT MORE DOUGH THAN THE BANK OF ENGLAND... **RRRRUMPH—H—HEY... WHAT...**

**LES, LES! GET UP! YOU'VE OVERSLEPT... YOU'RE LATE FOR WORK!**

**M—MY HEAD... GROAN... IT'S SPLITTING!**

**TAKE SOME COFFEE... I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WAKE YOU FOR AN HOUR, BUT YOU WOULDN'T GET UP! YOU KNOW HOW MR. MORGAN FEELS ABOUT YOU COMIN' IN LATE! HE'S WARNED YOU, TIME AN' AGAIN!**

**SSFFFT! G#?!?! ARE YOU TRYING TO POISON ME? WHAT'S IN THAT COFFEE?**

**ONLY THE SAME GRINDS I'VE BEEN REBREWING FOR FOUR DAYS, THAT'S ALL! HOW CAN I BUY FRESH COFFEE... OR MILK... OR ANYTHING... IF YOU GAMBLE THE MONEY AWAY!**

**SO YOU'RE BACK TO THAT AGAIN! MY HEAD'S KILLIN' ME AN' A FAT LOT OF SYMPATHY I GET! SHUT UP!**

**OHhhh!**

**AN HOUR LATE... WHO CARES... I HATE THE WORK! LET THAT SECTION BOSS, MORGAN, JUST SAY SOMETHING TO ME!**

**DON'T BOTHER COMIN' IN, KETCHELL! YOU'RE THROUGH! WE'VE PUT UP WITH YOU FOR A YEAR, BECAUSE WE FELT SORRY FOR YOUR WIFE AND KIDS, BUT THERE'S A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING!**

**NO JOB—AN' I OWE MURTAUGH FOUR WEEKS' PAY! IF MURTAUGH EVER FINDS OUT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO! I NEED A DRINK—I'M GETTIN' SHAKY!**

**SMILEY'S BAR**

**B—BUT, SMILEY!**

**BUT NOTHING! NO DOUGH, NO DRINKS—BESIDES, MURTAUGH'S GONNA FIND OUT YOU'VE BEEN FIRED! BETTER SEE HIM NOW AN' TELL HIM YOURSELF, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!**

# OBEY THE LAW

THIS WON'T DO, LES! IT WON'T DO AT ALL! LOSIN' YOUR JOB IS AS GOOD AS WELCHING! YOU'VE GOT ONE WAY TO SAVE YOUR NECK, THOUGH... AND YOU DO WANT TO SAVE IT, DON'T YOU? YOU WON'T LOOK VERY PRETTY FLOATIN' AROUND WITHOUT A HEAD IN LAKE MICHIGAN!

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, MURTAUGH! ANYTHING, ONLY DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE... LIKE... LIKE...

... MURDERING YOU, LES? IT SCARES YOU, DOESN'T IT- THE THOUGHT OF DYING? WELL, LES- YOU BE HERE TONIGHT AT 10... AND MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SQUARE UP! MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN COME OUT OF THIS WITH SOMETHING TO SPARE!

I'LL BE HERE, MURT! I'LL BE HERE...? GASP?

TEN P.M. - THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 11TH, 1920 - THE MOST IMPORTANT NIGHT IN LESLEY KETCHELL'S LIFE!

GET IN, CHUMP!

W-WHERE WE GOIN', MURT? YOU PROMISED NOT TO KILL ME!

DON'T BE STUPID! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! A DRUG-STORE... WITH A SAFE IN THE BACK!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR NECK, LES! DO A GOOD JOB OF LOOKOUT WHILE WE'RE WORKING ON THE SAFE, AN' YOU'LL MAKE HAY!

A ROD? SURE I DO! NOTHING I DON'T KNOW ABOUT GUNS! I USED TO GO HUNTING EVERY WEEKEND! I'M A GOOD SHOT WHEN MY HANDS ARE STEADY! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A SHOT, JUST TO STEADY MY HANDS, WOULD YA?

HERE, TAKE THIS! DO YOU KNOW WHICH END IS WHICH?

GLUE YOURSELF TO THAT SPOT AN' KEEP QUIET-AN' LAY OFF THAT STUFF, BEFORE YA GET TOO DRUNK TO SEE IF ANYONE'S COMIN'!

ALONG WITH SQUARIN' MYSELF OFF MURT SAID I MIGHT NET A THOUSAND OUT OF THIS! WHY- THAT'S WHAT I EARNED IN EIGHT MONTHS, ALMOST... ALL IN ONE NIGHT, TOO... ALL BECAUSE I'VE GOT A ROD IN MY HAND!

TWO PATROLMEN, THOMAS DUFFY AND GEORGE O'REILLY, PASSED BY PATROLLING THEIR BEAT! THEY NOTICED THE FLICKERING OF STRANGE LIGHTS!

TOM DUFFY AND O'REILLY - SAY-NO WONDER YOU ASKED ME IF I REMEMBERED KETCHELL! THEY USED TO POUND THIS BEAT! SURE, I REMEMBER KETCHELL NOW- THE YELLOW-BELLIED, DRUNKEN RAT!

I SAW SHADOWS, TOO, GEORGE! THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THERE, ALRIGHT! BREAK IN THE DOOR!

C-COPS... I BETTER WARN MURTAUGH AN' SAM!

"BUT MURT AND SAM DIDN'T NEED A WARNING! EXPERIENCE HAD TOLD THEM WHAT THE SHATTERING OF GLASS MEANT!"

WHAT ABOUT LES?

LET THE LUSH LOOK OUT FOR HIMSELF! MAYBE THE SUCKER'S PLASTERED ENOUGH TO FIGHT IT OUT- THE FOOL!

NO! I WON'T DISTURB THEM! I'LL LET THEM GO RIGHT ON WITH THEIR WORK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE COPS MYSELF! THEN MURT WILL SEE I'M THE KIND OF A GUY HE NEEDS AROUND PERMANENTLY!

CAREFUL, TOM! I CAN HEAR SOMEONE BREATHIN' RIGHT INSIDE THE DOOR!

# OBEY THE LAW



I GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! THOSE POOR, DUMB COPS CAN'T EVEN SEE ME IN THIS DARK, BUT I CAN SEE THEM CLEAR AS DAY—STEADY, HAND!

BANG! BANG!



"DUFFY AND O'REILLY WERE KILLED INSTANTLY... BUT THE SHOTS AND THE SCREAMING BROUGHT OTHER POLICEMEN TO THE SCENE, JUST AS LES RAN OUT!"

DROP IT, PUNK, OR...



MORE COPS! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? WHO CARES! I AIN'T SCARED! THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT, NOTHIN' CAN STOP ME—LEAST OF ALL, COPPERS! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I FEEL IMPORTANT!



I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND... I W-WAS SO S-SURE I'D... GASP GET AWAY...

NOT ONLY DIDN'T LES GET AWAY, BUT HE WENT TO JAIL FOR LIFE! NOW HE SPENDS HIS LIFE STARING AT IRON BARS AND CONCRETE WALLS—ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! HE WAS DOOMED, ANYWAY! THOSE WHO JUST WANT TO TAKE AND PUT NOTHING BACK INTO LIFE, ARE LOST SOULS! I'M GOING OVER TO SEE IF I CAN GET THAT POOR SLOB ACROSS THE STREET TO GO HOME!

HOW ABOUT IT, FELLOW, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HEAD FOR HOME?

HOME? I SHOULD SAY NOT! HIC SHAY—I GO HOME AN' MY OLE LADY! HIC STARTS NAGGIN' ME ABOUT SCHEPPENDING ALL MY PAY! HIC WHAT THE HECK, A GUY'S GOTTA HAVE SOME FUN! HIC ONCE IN AWHILE, RIGHT, PAL? SHAY—HOW'S ABOUT BUYIN' ME A LITTLE SNORT, JIST THISH BIG-AN' I'LL LET YA TELL ME THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE! HIC

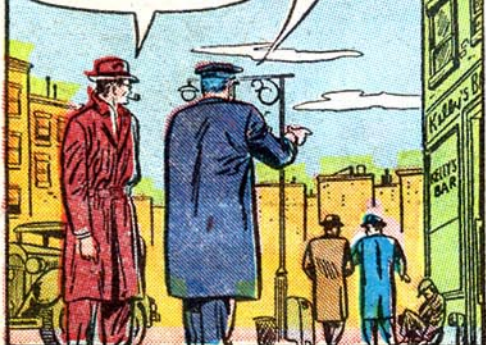


IT WAS NO USE, MAC—I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS! WHEN THEY'RE THAT FAR GONE, IT'S TOO LATE! OH, OH, HE NOT ONLY REMINDED ME OF LESLEY KETCHELL, IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO HAVE MUCH THE SAME FATE! THOSE TWO BIMBO S, "POCK FACE" HARRY AND LEO COMSTOCK, WILL FIND USE FOR HIM!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, INSPECTOR! LOOK—THEY'RE TALKING TERS HIS FATE OVER, NOW! SAY WHAT YOU WILL, THERE'S A LOT OF TRAGEDY IN DRINK!

GRANTED! LESLEY KETCHELL FOUND THAT OUT, BUT I STILL SAY IT'S NOT THE CAUSE, BUT THE RESULT OF BEING A WEAK SISTER, WITHOUT THE BACK BONE TO STAND UP AND FACE LIFE!

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN THIS STINKING CELL AND THE REST OF MY LIFE TO GO! HUMPH! AND I THOUGHT I WAS LUCKY NOT GETTING THE HOT SEAT!





# DAISY ANNOUNCES

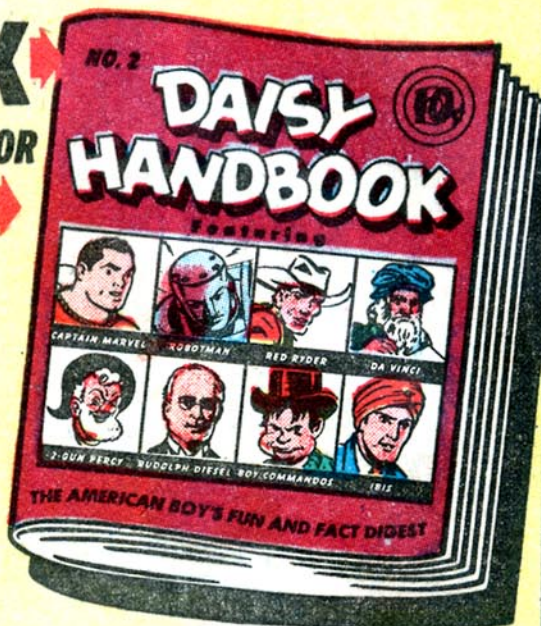
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## HANDBOOK

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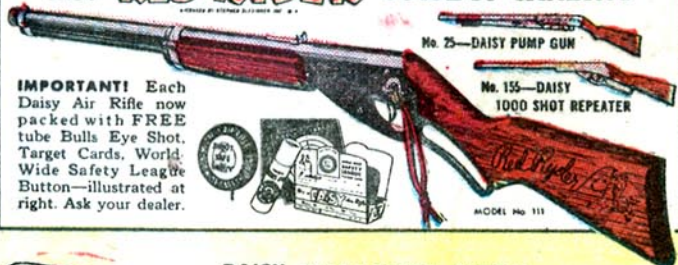
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**A  
TRUE  
CRIME  
STORY**

**THEY MUFFED  
THEIR MURDER**

THE two men walked out of the restaurant in Portland, Oregon, into the raw chill of the early evening of November 20th, 1901. They drew their topcoats about them and braced themselves against the wind and sleet.

Dutch Barnes, tall and loose-jointed, bent to his shorter companion's ear and said, "So you dated the waitress and another dame. Now what do we do for dough?"

Steve Howard laughed harshly. His voice came deep from his chest. "I still got the .44 I picked up in Seattle. We'll pull a stick-up."

"Stick-up?" Barnes repeated, without much enthusiasm. "Who do we know in this burg to stick up?"

The stocky one replied, "Leave it to me. There's a saloon in town with a card room. I seen a guy named Weeks take three hundred bucks away last night. He's sharp—they say he does it every time he plays."

"Sounds like a pushover," Barnes agreed, "if he plays tonight."

"We gotta take that chance, Dutch," Howard said. "I'll put the finger on him tonight and we can take him over on the way home."

About a quarter to twelve,

the game began to break up. Steve Howard and Dutch Barnes stood casually at the



bar. Howard nudged his companion.

"Time to go," he whispered. "He's got a wad big enough to choke a horse."

"Where do we wait for him?" Barnes asked, when the two were on the street.

"There's a dark spot just outside the center of town. Weeks has to pass it on his way home."

Just about that time, Jerry Kelly, popular young athlete, was putting on his coat at the home of his fiancée, Diane Layton. He was handsome and twenty-one. Diane looked at him with adoration

in her eyes.

"The evening's gone so fast, Jerry!" the girl sighed. "It seems like no time at all, when you only come over twice a week!"

Jerry Kelly grinned. Placing his index finger under the girl's chin, he tipped her head and pressed his lips to hers. "Sweetheart!" he whispered. Then, "Gosh, I wish I could call every night, but you know how training rules are. And the big game comes off Saturday!"

The girl beamed proudly. "The Iron Works is the best shop football team in the whole city league. Everybody goes to see you carry the ball, Jerry. I really don't mind, believe me."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes as he added, "Anyway, you have George Field to date when I'm not here."

Just a flicker of resentment shone in Diane's eyes. Then she laughed musically. "George is sweet and he keeps coming around, but you know he doesn't rate next to you, dear."

Kelly, turning slowly away, held his hand on the door-knob a moment. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," he said fondly.

Diane grinned and pressed her fingers to the firm muscles of his arm. "You say the most original things, Jerry," she teased.

"That reminds me," said Jerry, apparently glad of an excuse to stay a moment longer, "that my words are not always pleasant. Tonight, after work, for instance, when I met Joe Martin outside the shop . . ."

Diane's eyes clouded. "Oh, Jerry, is Joe Martin still angry because you were elected team captain?"

Kelly nodded. "Uh-huh. He quit his job, you know, after the gang elected me. Tonight when I bumped into him, he said he'd get even with me if it's the last thing he ever does!"

"Oh, no!" the girl cried out in alarm. "Do you think he'll . . ."

The words were smothered in a kiss. "Don't worry, honey," Kelly whispered. "I guess I can take care of myself."

With that Kelly said *good-night* to Diane, little realizing that he was saying *farewell!*

Jerry Kelly walked briskly down the street. The night

was dark and the biting cold dampness still hung in the air. Jerry Kelly's head was in the clouds, however. He little knew or cared what was under foot. Had he been more keenly aware of his surroundings, he might have noticed the two hulking figures in the shadows ahead.

The taller of the shadows said, "He's comin', Steve,"

"Yeah," whispered the other. "I got the gun, Dutch. You filch him after I get his hands up. We ain't takin' no chances, see? If he tries anything, I'll let him have it!"

"He's big," Dutch said. "Bigger'n I thought! Don't take no chances is right."



Jerry Kelly was now almost up to the shadows where the men hid. Steve Howard step-

ped out before the approaching stranger.

"Get 'em up and fast," Howard hissed.

"Huh?" Jerry Kelly's thoughts tumbled suddenly about him. Then he laughed. "If I got anything that's worth taking, help yourself."

"A wise guy," snarled Howard.

Dutch, coming up, sneered through the darkness. "He's playin' foxy. Give 'im something to shut him up!"

"Yeah," Howard agreed. The gun spoke for him.

A yellow burst of flame, the acrid smell of powder and then a groan, as Kelly sank to the ground. Another burst of flame and more burned powder and Kelly lay still. He did not move again. He was dead.

"Drag him out near the arc lamp," whispered Steve Howard. "We don't want to miss nothin'."

The body lay face upward on the ground and Dutch Barnes tore at the buttons that fastened the victim's coat. Suddenly Dutch's jaw dropped. "Gosh, Steve, this ain't Weeks!" he said hoarsely. "We killed the wrong guy!"



Down the street a horse's hoofs clattered, wagon springs squeaked under the weight of people riding nearer to the scene of the crime.

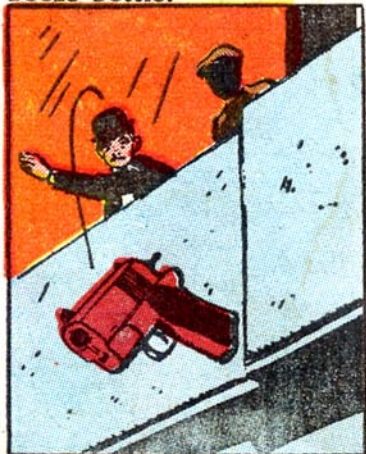
"Let's get out of here!" said Dutch. "Get this guy out of the light!"

Dragging the body to the sidewalk, and dropping it in the darkness beyond the light of the arc lamp, the two made off into the night.

The thugs did not stop until they were well away from the scene. Then, circling the place where the deed had been done, they reached the bridge that crossed the river leading into the city. Here Steve Howard threw the gun over the bridge rail into the water below. As he turned back from the rail to continue on into the city, he saw that the bridge-tender had been watching him.

"What are you doing here?" the tender asked. "What did you throw over the rail?"

"A whiskey bottle," Howard replied. "Only an empty booze bottle!"



Moving on, the tall Dutch Barnes said, "This business gives me the jitters."

"Don't go soft," Steve

Howard answered harshly. "They ain't got a single chance of finding us. We ain't known in this burg, an' the guy we bumped off ain't



gonna finger us."

How wrong they were, those two wise guys! Detectives William Knight and Pat Heist had charge of the investigation. Identification of the victim was established almost at once by papers that were in the pocket of his coat.

It became the detectives' unhappy job to tell the grief-stricken father of the death of his son. From the father he learned of Diane Layton. Diane was heartbroken, but she was also brave. Brave enough to tell all she knew of the rival, George Field, and the avowed enemy, Joe Martin.

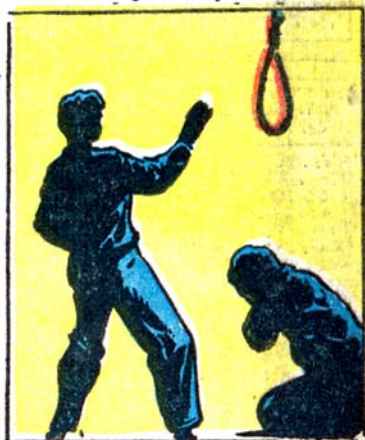
Investigation of the two suspects delayed the case for a few days, while the alibis of the men were checked. It was a complication to find a gun with two bullets exploded in the room of Joe Martin, but the gun was a .38 and the bullets extracted from the body of the un-

fortunate Jerry Kelly were proven to be .44 calibre in size. The suspects were released.

Little by little, in the painstaking, careful way of the police, people were found who could describe the killers. There was the bridge-tender, who had seen the weapon being thrown into the river; there was the waitress who had been expecting a date with the two; there was the bar where the men had spotted Weeks. And last of all, the landlady was found who had rented the men a room.

'Wise guys' they were, as are all criminals. So wise they couldn't face it when the police took them in, but squealed like cornered rats. Pals they were, too. Such pals, that each placed the guilt of murder on the other.

Well, the guilt of murder was placed on BOTH of them. The jury said they should pay with their lives for their crimes. And they did. On January 31, 1902,



both men were hung by the neck until dead. They learned the HARD way that Crime Does NOT Pay!

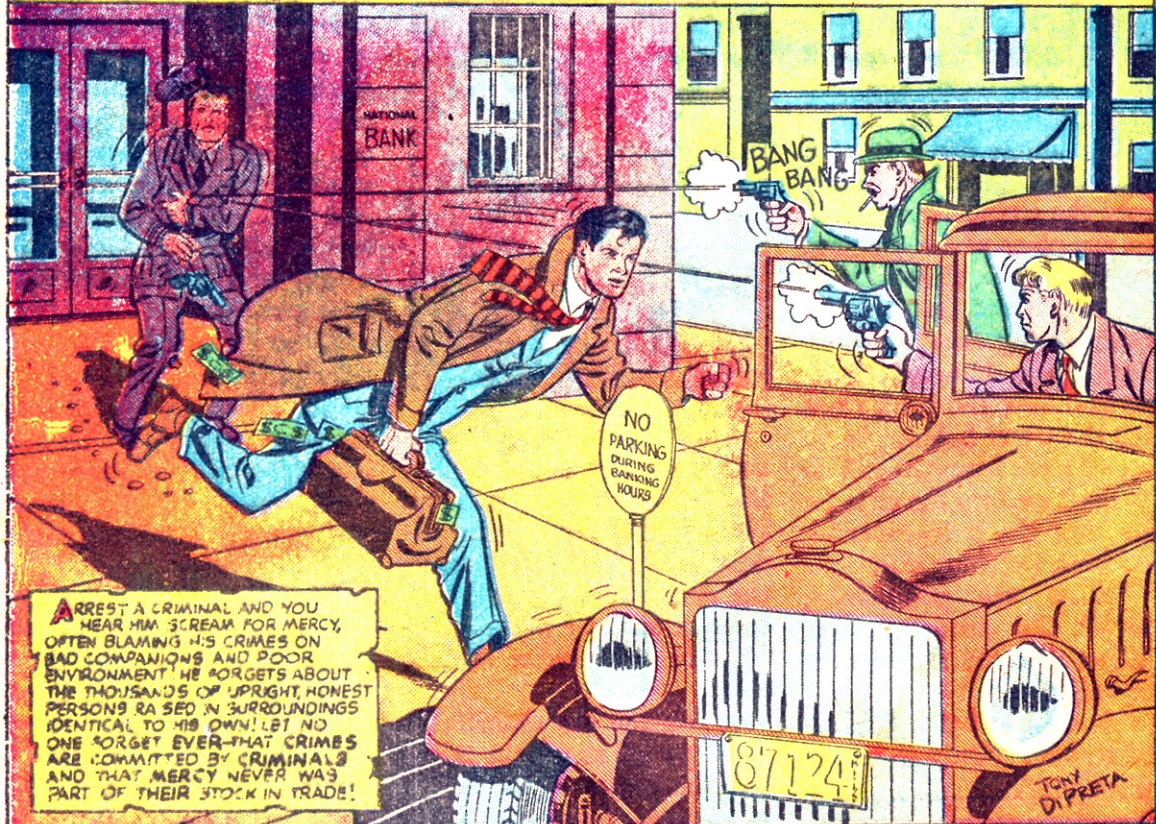
THE END

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A  
**TRUE**  
CRIME  
STORY

Frank **BUDNIK**  
AND  
John **BAKER**

CRIME WAS  
THE SCHOOL:  
BAKER, THE  
TEACHER, AND  
BUDNIK, THE  
STAR PUPIL!



ARREST A CRIMINAL AND YOU HEAR HIM SCREAM FOR MERCY, OFTEN BLAMING HIS CRIMES ON BAD COMPANIONS AND POOR ENVIRONMENT HE FORGETS ABOUT THE THOUSANDS OF UPRIGHT, HONEST PERSONS RAISED IN SURROUNDINGS IDENTICAL TO HIS OWN! LET NO ONE FORGET EVER THAT CRIMES ARE COMMITTED BY CRIMINALS AND THAT MERCY NEVER WAS PART OF THEIR STOCK IN TRADE!

AT CITY HALL PARK IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, IN THE SUMMER OF 1924, TWO MEN WATCH A BRAWL!



HEY, JOHN! LOOK AT THAT KID GO TO TOWN! HE AIN'T NO ORDINARY SCRAPPY!

I LIKE THE WAY HE KEEPS BEATIN' THE GUY, EVEN AFTER HE'S GOT HIM DOWN! C'MON, LET'S TALK TO HIM, STAN!

YOU WIN, I SAID! I GIVE UP!



YOU'RE A GOOD LITTLE SCRAPPY! WHERE DID YA LEARN TO MIX IT UP LIKE THAT? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY NAME IS BUDNIK! YA GOTTA BE TOUGH TO WORK IN THE WEST VIRGINIA MINES! I USED TO HAVE A FIGHT THERE EVERY DAY! GET YOUR HANDS OFF, MAC! I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO ARE TOO FRIENDLY!



THERE AIN'T NO COAL MINES IN CLEVELAND, SO I TAKE IT YOU'RE NOT WORKING! YA WANT A JOB?

SURE - IF THE DOUGH IS GOOD, AND THE WORK AIN'T TOO HARD! I CAME UP HERE TO GET AWAY FROM HARD WORK - IT DON'T AGREE WITH ME!

# OBEY THE LAW



I'VE BEEN LIVIN' OFF YOU FOR A WEEK NOW, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T DONE A LICK OF WORK! I DON'T GET IT! WHEN AM I GONNA START EARNING MY KEEP- AND WHAT SORT OF A RACKET ARE YOU IN, ANYWAY?

JUST TAKE IT EASY, FRANKIE! YOU'LL GET TOLD EVERY- THING IN DUE TIME!



OH, IT'S YOU- YOU HAD ME SCARED FOR A MINUTE! WHY'RE YOU BUST- ING IN LIKE THIS- WHAT'S BREW- ING, JOHN?

GET YOURSELF PACKED, FRANK, AN' MAKE IT SNAP- PY! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR PITTSBURGH! I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! NOW I'M REALLY CURIOUS!

I CHANGED MY MIND! I DECIDED TO LET YOU WISE UP AS YOU GO ALONG! YOU SAID YOU CAN DRIVE- WELL, GET IN AND DRIVE OUR CAR!



YOUR CAR! BUT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CAR! OH-OH, I GET IT! WE'RE ROBBING IT! SO THATS WHAT THE BIG SECRET WAS! HEY, THAT'S A REAL GUN!

YOU'RE CATCH- ING ON FAST- HERE, IT'S YOURS! DID YOU EVER HANDLE ONE OF THESE BEFORE?



NO, I NEVER DID! BUT WHAT'S HARD ABOUT IT? NOW, I'M REALLY BEGINNING TO SEE DAYLIGHT! YOU WANT ME TO BE YOUR LOOKOUT WHILE YOU AND YOUR PAL PULL A JOB!

YES, BUT THAT'S ONLY PART OF IT! WATCH EVERYTHING CLOSELY! BEING A LOOKOUT IS ONLY YOUR START, KID! PULL OVER AND STOP JUST PAST THIS CANDY STORE! IT'S A SPEAKEASY! START ROLLING THE CAR AS SOON AS YOU SEE US COMIN' OUT THE DOOR!



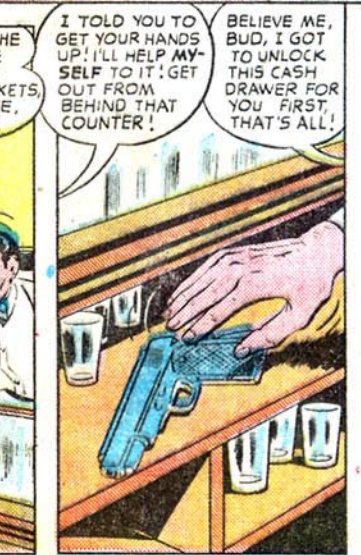
DRIVE ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR- WE'LL JUMP ON THE RUNNING BOARD WHILE IT'S GO- ING- AND KEEP THE DOOR OPEN!

AN' IF YOU SEE A COP, TOOT THE HORN THREE TIMES!



OKAY, MISTER! GET YOUR HANDS UP WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM! WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE MOOLA?

RIGHT HERE, UNDER THE COUNTER! SURE, TAKE THE DOUGH- AND I'LL EVEN EMPTY MY POCKETS, BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, DON'T SHOOT!



I TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR HANDS UP! I'LL HELP MY- SELF TO IT! GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT COUNTER!

BELIEVE ME, BUD, I GOT TO UNLOCK THIS CASH DRAWER FOR YOU FIRST, THAT'S ALL!

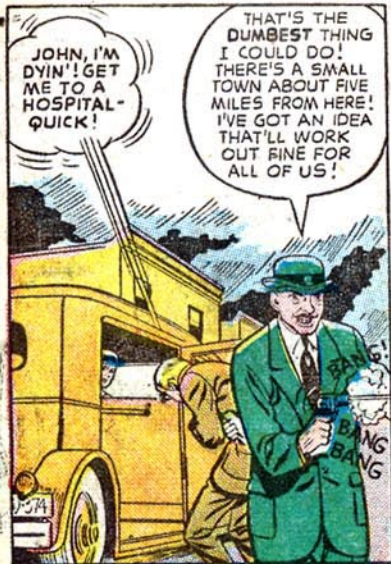


WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU LOUSY RATS! YOU DON'T LIKE IT WHEN SOMEBODY HAS AN EVEN CHANCE, DO YA?

YOU GO AHEAD, JOHN! I'LL COVER YOUR EXIT... UGH!

STEP ON IT, STAN! WHEN HE HEARS ALL THIS SHOOTIN', THE KID MIGHT GET NERVOUS AN' DRIVE OFF WITH- OUT US!

# OBEY THE LAW



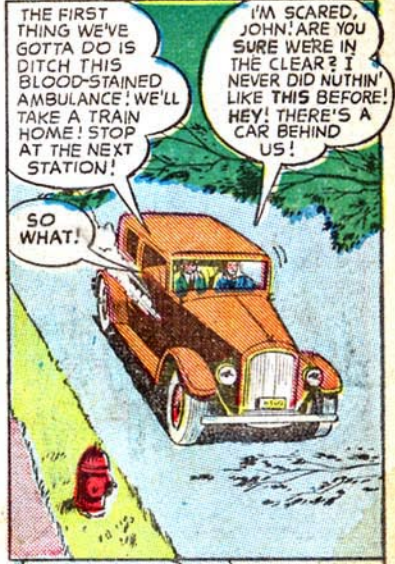
JOHN, I'M DYIN'! GET ME TO A HOSPITAL-QUICK!

THAT'S THE DUMBEST THING I COULD DO! THERE'S A SMALL TOWN ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM HERE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL WORK OUT FINE FOR ALL OF US!



IS THIS YOUR GREAT IDEA? LEAVIN' ME LYIN' IN THE STREET? PLEASE, JOHN, GET ME TO A DOCTOR!

BELIEVE ME, STAN, THIS IS THE BEST WAY! WE'LL LEAVE YA' HERE, LIKE YOU WAS ROBBED! SOMEBODY'S BOUND TO GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONE!



SO WHAT!

THE FIRST THING WE'VE GOTTA DO IS DITCH THIS BLOOD-STAINED AMBULANCE! WE'LL TAKE A TRAIN HOME! STOP AT THE NEXT STATION!

I'M SCARED, JOHN! ARE YOU SURE WERE IN THE CLEAR? I NEVER DID NUTHIN' LIKE THIS BEFORE! HEY! THERE'S A CAR BEHIND US!



WILL YA' PLEASE CALM DOWN! YOU'RE STARTIN' TO GET ME JUMPY-TAKING THE CONDUCTOR FOR A COP! COOL OFF, WILL YA'!

MAYBE YOU'RE NOT WORRIED, BUT I AM! SUPPOSE SOMEONE SAW US DO IT! WHAT IF STAN YAPS TO THE COPPERS?



IF STAN SINGS TO THE COPPERS, THEY'LL NAB US FOR SURE! I HOPE HE DIES! HE'S GOT TO DIE!

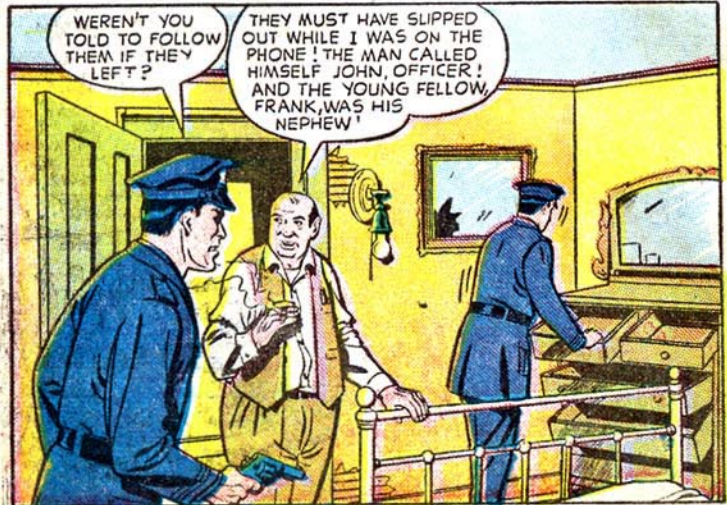
I THOUGHT OF FINISHING HIM OFF, BUT I HAD NOTHIN' AGAINST THE GUY! MAYBE HE WON'T TALK!



HELLO? POLICE STATION? I THINK I MAY BE ROOM-ING THE TWO PALS OF THE BIRD WHO WAS SHOT UP IN THAT HOLDUP, LAST NIGHT!

DON'T LET 'EM KNOW YOU SUSPECT THEM! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER! IF THEY LEAVE, FOLLOW THEM! WHAT'S YOUR ADDRESS?

NEWS  
WOUNDED MAN CONFESSES PART IN SPEAKEASY HOLDUP.  
PALS BEING SOUGHT...



WEREN'T YOU TOLD TO FOLLOW THEM IF THEY LEFT?

THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED OUT WHILE I WAS ON THE PHONE! THE MAN CALLED HIMSELF JOHN, OFFICER! AND THE YOUNG FELLOW, FRANK, WAS HIS NEPHEW!



YOU'RE LIKE A SON TO ME, FRANK, I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER TRY TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME, OR SING TO THE COPS LIKE THAT SQUEALIN' STAN! I GOT GREAT PLANS FOR US!

OKAY WITH ME, JOHN! I AIN'T SCARED OF NUTHIN'-EXCEPT KILLIN'! I'LL PACK A ROD FOR SHOW, BUT YOU GOTTA DO ALL THE SHOOTIN'!

# OBEY THE LAW

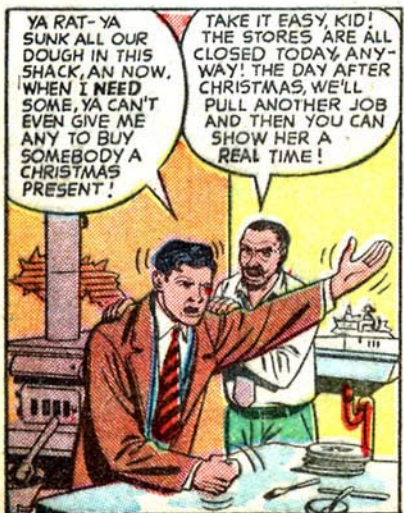




# OBEY THE LAW



# OBEY THE LAW



# OBEY THE LAW

IT'S JUST A HUNCH—WHILE I WAS ON MY WAY TO WORK, I SAW TWO SUSPICIOUS LOOKING MEN CHANGING THE LICENSE PLATES ON THEIR CAR—I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK INTO IT!

WE'LL CHECK 'RIGHT AWAY—TELL ME EXACTLY WHERE YOU SAW THEM!

I THINK THEY'RE COPS, FRANKIE! JUST DON'T LET ON YOU NOTICE 'EM! MAYBE THEY'LL PASS US BY, BUT KEEP YOUR HAND ON YOUR ROD—JUST IN CASE!

LET'S HOP IN THE CAR AND BEAT IT! I DON'T WANNA GET MIXED UP IN NO COP-KILLING!

TAKE COVER, AL! THEY'RE ARMA...

ALL RIGHT, KID! JUST LEAVE THE FIREWORKS TO ME! YOU GO AN' GET THE CAR STARTED!

BANG! BANG!

ON YOUR TESS, CHIEF! ROAD-BLOCK EVERY HIGHWAY FROM THE CITY—DON'T LET THOSE KILLERS ESCAPE!

THAT'S BEEN DONE, COMMISSIONER! THE GREATEST MANHUNT IN THE CITY'S HISTORY IS GOING ON RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

THIS IS ABOUT THE HOTTEST IT'S EVER GOTTEN FOR US, JOHN! LET'S HOLE UP FOR A FEW WEEKS TILL THINGS QUIET DOWN!

NOTHIN' DOIN'—THAT'S JUST WHAT THE BULLS WILL EXPECT US TO DO! WE'RE GONNA FINISH WHAT WE STARTED TO DO!

IF I SEE ONE OF YOU SO MUCH AS BREATHE, I'LL KILL YOU ALL! YOU, THE GUY WITH THE OVERCOAT, CAN START THE PARADE INTO THE VAULT! GET GOIN'—ALL OF YOU!

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO THOSE POLICE CARS COULD BE AFTER, KID! HA, HA, HA! ANYWAY, HERE'S YOUR HALF LIKE I PROMISED—TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED! THAT SHOULD COVER YOUR EXPENSES FOR THAT VACATION WE WERE TALKIN' ABOUT!

WOW—THAT'S THE MOST MONEY I EVER SAW! THANKS, JOHN!

HELLO, JOHN, THIS IS FRANK! MARY AND I JUST GOT MARRIED! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW! I GUESS THAT ABOUT WASHES UP OUR PARTNERSHIP!

THAT ??%!! FOOL!! HE DID IT! HE'LL BE COMIN' BACK WHEN HE STARTS GETTIN' LOW ON CASH!

GOOD LUCK, KID! DON'T FORGET TO SEND ME YOUR ADDRESS! I'D LIKE TO SEND YOU A WEDDIN' PRESENT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON—DOWN ON YOUR LUCK? HOW ABOUT JOININ' ME IN A CUP OF COFFEE?

SURE, WHY NOT? I'D TAKE A CHANCE ON ANYTHIN'! I'M SO LOW, I CAN'T GO LOWER!

# OBEY THE LAW

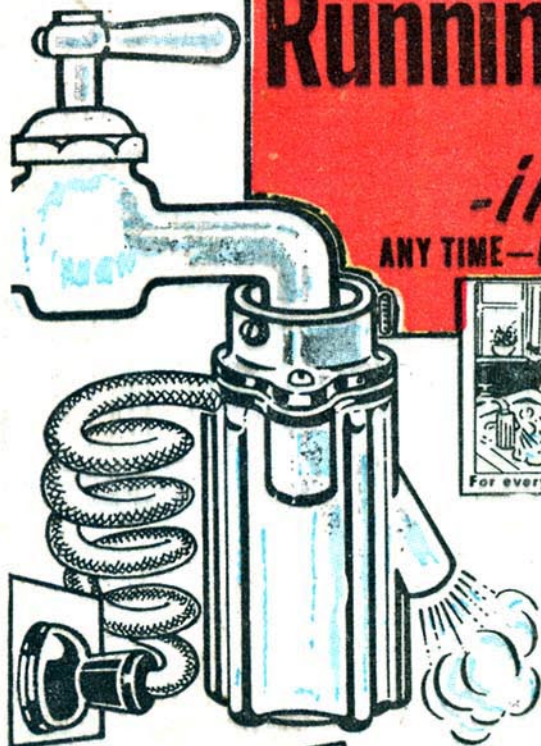


IF...IF...IF... ALWAYS IF... THERE ARE NO IF'S ABOUT IT-  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

# Running HOT WATER

## -in a Jiffy!

ANY TIME—ANYWHERE—from any COLD WATER FAUCET!



For every kitchen need



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A No. 1 beauty aid

Seems too good to be true until you see steaming hot water running continuously from any one of your cold water faucets! With the revolutionary new KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER you get as much hot water as you want—right when you want it! All without waiting, fussing with fires or the landlord!

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Not just hot water, but water at exact heat desired, is what you get with this amazing new heater! A slight turn of your faucet gives you water of any desired temperature from warm to extra hot.

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KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER fills a long and urgent need in basement, garage, cottage, tourist camp, office and factory—and when home hot water supply fails in kitchen or bath.

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Heater is precision made and guaranteed against any and all defects in material and workmanship. With ordinary care, it gives many years of satisfactory service.

### Check THESE ADVANTAGES

- ✓ NO MOVING PARTS to wear away or get out of order
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- ✓ Measures 2 1/4" x 5 1/4", requiring small storage space when not in use
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NAME.....

STREET.....

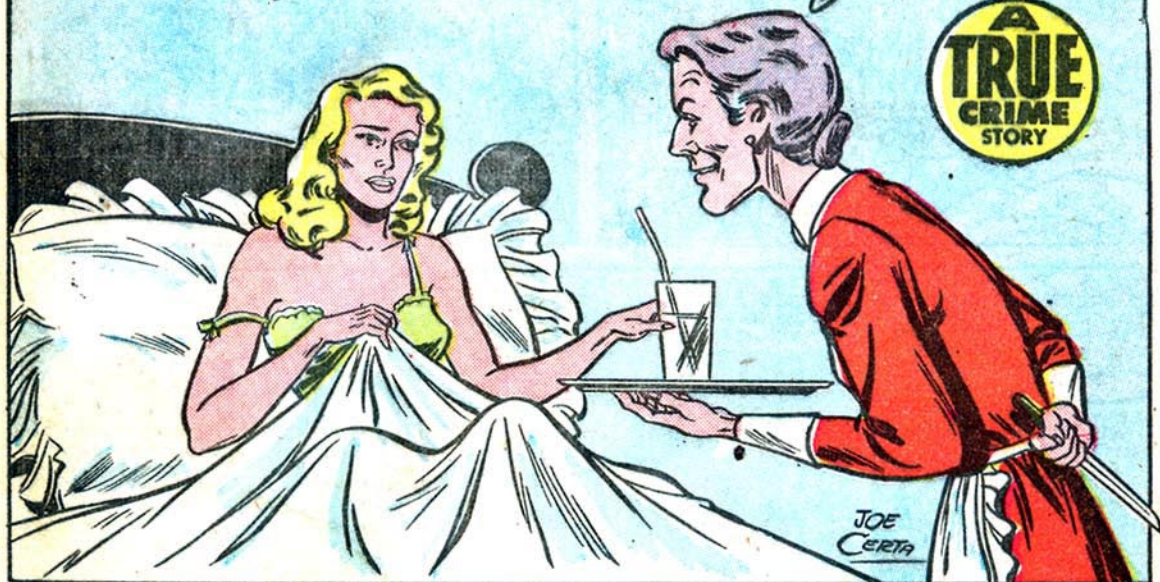
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

# BERTHA GIFFORD KILLER of 19 PEOPLE!

*She tearfully attended their funerals*

A  
**TRUE**  
CRIME  
STORY



WHEN BERTHA GIFFORD MOVED TO CATAWISSA, MISSOURI IN 1917, KINDNESS ITSELF SEEMED TO HAVE MOVED IN...



I'M BERTHA GIFFORD, YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR! I HEARD YOUR WIFE WAS TAKEN SICK! I'D LIKE TO HELP NURSE HER! I'M AN AWFULLY GOOD NURSE, REALLY!

WHY, THAT'S RIGHT NEIGHBORLY OF YOU, MISS GIFFORD! COME IN!



NOW YOU JUST GO AHEAD WITH YOUR WORK AND DON'T WORRY A BIT TONIGHT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PATIENT!

THANKS, MISS GIFFORD! YOU'RE REAL KIND!



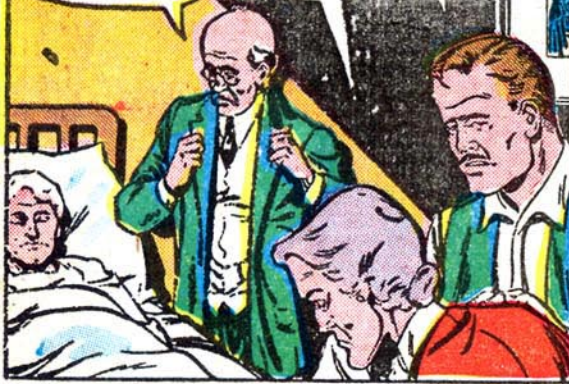
# OBEY THE LAW

BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SHE DIED! WHEN I SAW HER LAST NIGHT ALL SHE HAD WAS AN ACUTE INDIGESTION!

THE POOR, SWEET SOUL! :SOB:

THERE, THERE, MISS GIFFORD! YOU D.DID EVERYTHING YOU COULD!



BERTHA GIFFORD SOON BUILT UP A REPUTATION AS THE KINDEST WOMAN IN CATAWISSA...

I DO DECLARE, BERTHA, YOU CAME TO NURSE FREDDY EVEN BEFORE THE DOCTOR GOT HERE!

I LOVE CHILDREN, MRS. JONES! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE NONE OF MY OWN!



YOU'LL SEE, FREDDY! TOMORROW EVERYTHING WILL BE DIFFERENT!

DON'T KNOW WHY WE EVEN HAD TO CALL THE DOCTOR, NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, BERTHA!



BERTHA REMAINED AT THE BEDSIDE DAY AND NIGHT, GIVING THE BOY THE "BEST OF CARE"!



UNTIL ONE MORNING...

DON'T CRY, MRS. JONES! IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! FREDDY IS BEYOND PAIN!

B..BUT, BERTHA... :SOB: H..HE WAS HARLDY EVEN SICK! :SOB:



NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN COULD KEEP BERTHA FROM PERFORMING HER "ERRANDS OF MERCY"...



WHAT AN HOUR FOR YOU TO COME, BERTHA! THREE IN THE MORNING! YOU MIGHT'VE CAUGHT YOUR DEATH OF COLD!

COULDN'T SLEEP THINKING OF YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. GREEN - PINING FOR THE NEED OF A GOOD NURSE!

ISN'T SHE JUST THE KINDEST THING?



# OBEY THE LAW



MY HERB MEDICINE WILL FIX YOU, RIGHT UP, MR. GREEN! IT'LL KILL THAT STOMACH CRAMP IN A MINUTE!

YOU'RE AN ANGEL, B. BERTHA... ?GASP? AN ANGEL!



AN ANGEL OF DEATH, YOU MEAN!



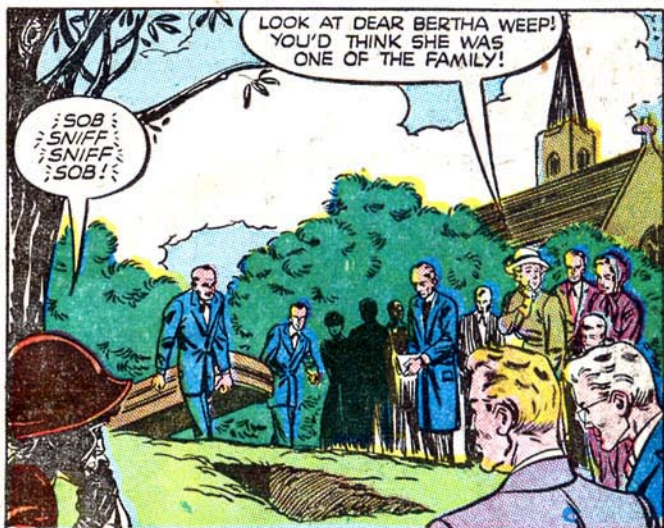
CAME THE DAWN...

DEATH CAUSED BY ACUTE GASTRITIS!

NOW YOU JUST COMPOSE YOURSELF, MRS. GREEN! I'LL CLOSE THE POOR MAN'S EYES AND ARRANGE FOR THE FUNERAL!



HOW WELL MY BLACK DRESS IS WEARING! THIS IS THE FIFTH FUNERAL IN TWO MONTHS THAT I'VE WORN IT TO!



LOOK AT DEAR BERTHA WEEP! YOU'D THINK SHE WAS ONE OF THE FAMILY!

?SOB?  
?SNIFF?  
?SNIFF?  
?SOB!?

BERTHA REFUSED AID TO NO MAN! SHE WAS ESPECIALLY KIND TO DRUNKS— LIKE SHERMAN POUND...



BEG P. PARDON... BERTHA... ?HIC? TOOK ONE TOO MANY! CAN I HAVE ?HIC? SOME COFFEE BEFORE I ?HIC? GO HOME?

NEED YOU ASK, MR. POUND? STEP RIGHT IN! I'LL HAVE A STEAMING CUP IN A FEW SECONDS!



HOW MANY LUMPS OF SUGAR, MR POUND?



MARVELOUS COFFEE, BERTHA!

NO COFFEE IN THE WORLD LIKE IT, MR. POUND! IT'S MADE A SPECIAL WAY!



# OBEY THE LAW

AND DIDN'T MR. SHERMAN FIND THAT OUT LATER!



MY LANDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR MR. SHERMAN?

DIED OF A STOMACH ATTACK FROM ACUTE ALCOHOLISM! NO, SIR, NO ALCOHOLIC COMES TO A GOOD END!

AND SO IT WENT THROUGH THE YEARS! BERTHA WAS FIRST TO NURSE THE PATIENT, AND FIRST TO ATTEND HIS FUNERAL! MANY FAMILIES FELT INDEBTED TO HER...

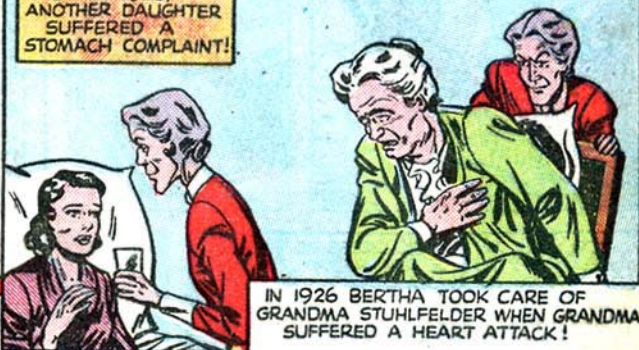


THERE WERE THE STUHLFELDERS- BERTHA NURSED THE BABY WITH PNEUMONIA...



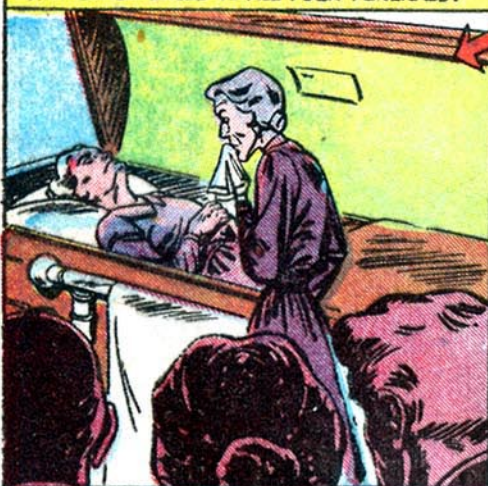
TWO YEARS LATER, SHE TOOK CARE OF A SISTER WHEN SHE HAD CONVULSIONS...

THEN IN 1923, ANOTHER DAUGHTER SUFFERED A STOMACH COMPLAINT!



IN 1926 BERTHA TOOK CARE OF GRANDMA STUHLFELDER WHEN GRANDMA SUFFERED A HEART ATTACK!

BUT NONE OF THEM RECOVERED! BERTHA WORE HER BLACK DRESS TO ALL FOUR FUNERALS!



NEITHER DID BERTHA NEGLECT HER OWN HOUSEHOLD! WHEN IN 1925, MRS. GEORGE SCHAMEL, YOUNG WIFE OF BERTHA'S HIRED MAN, SUFFERED AN ATTACK OF GASTRITIS... BERTHA LET EVERYTHING GO TO NURSE HER...



BRING THE POOR SOUL INTO THE HOUSE AT ONCE, GEORGE!

AND AFTER MRS. SCHAMEL'S FUNERAL, BERTHA TOOK THE TWO SCHAMEL BOYS, LLOYD, NINE, AND ELMER, SEVEN, HOME WITH HER...



ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE BERTHA GIFFORD, BEING SO KIND?

BUT THE BOYS DIDN'T STAY LONG! BOTH WERE STRICKEN WITH VIOLENT STOMACH PAINS AND DIED...



DON'T TAKE ON SO, BERTHA! IT'S FATE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

BUT TH...THEY WERE SO Y...YOUNG TO DIE...;SOB;

# OBEY THE LAW

IN 1926, AFTER A WEEK'S NURSING, BERTHA DIDN'T ATTEND 3-YEAR-OLD BEULAH POUND'S FUNERAL! THIS IS WHY...

BERTHA DID IT, I TELL YOU! MY BROTHER, SHERMAN, DIED THE SAME WAY IN 1917 AFTER SHE GAVE HIM COFFEE!

FOR SAYING THAT, MRS. POUND, I SHALL NOT ATTEND THE FUNERAL! I WON'T GO WHERE I'M NOT WELCOMED!



THE FIRST SEED OF SUSPICION HAD BEEN SOWN! CLOSER WATCH WAS KEPT ON BERTHA'S NURSING ROUTINES!

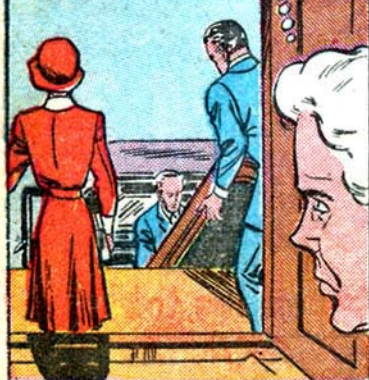
BERTHA GIFFORD! WHAT IS THAT BOX IN YOUR HAND?

B...BOX...WH...WHY, A HOME PREPARATION, THAT'S ALL! GOOD FOR LITTLE MARY, TOO!



SO GOOD WAS BERTHA'S MIXTURE, THAT 7-YEAR-OLD MARY BRINLEY DIED THE NEXT MORNING!

I'M GOING TO HAVE THAT WOMAN EXAMINED BY THE POLICE!...WHO KNOWS WHAT WAS IN THAT BOX?



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I WANT THAT GIFFORD WOMAN INVESTIGATED! EVERY PATIENT SHE'S NURSED DIED FROM GASTRITIS, LIKE MY NIECE, MARY!

AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE, OR IS IT? FIVE GASTRITIS DEATHS IN ONE FAMILY ALONE! I SHALL CERTAINLY INVESTIGATE!



YEP! BERTHA GIFFORD BUYS MORE ARSENIC THAN ALL MY CUSTOMERS PUT TOGETHER!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! I'M ORDERING AN AUTOPSY!



SEVERAL BODIES WERE EXHUMED. ALL OF THEM CONTAINED...

ARSENIC! ENOUGH TO KILL TEN MEN!

THE ~~DEADLY~~ FIEND! PICK HER UP, JONES, FOR MURDER!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...A FULL CONFESSION! THEN...

BUT WHY, BERTHA! WHY DID YOU KILL SO MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE?

I DIDN'T KILL THEM... JUST PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY! BESIDES, I DO LOVE WEARING MY BLACK DRESS TO FUNERALS!



CONVICTED OF NINETEEN KNOWN POISONINGS, BERTHA WAS SENTENCED FOR LIFE TO A PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE WHERE SHE CAN'T WEAR HER BLACK DRESS OR ATTEND ANY FUNERALS, UNTIL HER OWN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



the end

# ASTONISHING VALUE

## GENUINE OLD WEST SET

**HAND-PAINTED,  
EMBOSSSED  
ALL LEATHER BELT**  
with SILVER-  
FINISHED BUCKLE  
Price \$2.49

**AND MATCHING  
SECRET POCKET  
ZIPPER  
BILLFOLD**  
Price \$1.98

YOURS FOR  
\$  
**ONLY 4.25**  
FOR BOTH!

**LOOKS MADE TO ORDER - with dozens of expensive features!**

**HERE'S  
WHAT  
YOU  
GET!**

THIS BEAUTIFUL ALL LEATHER BELT—EMBOSSSED AND HAND PAINTED WITH SILVER FINISHED BUCKLE, BELT TIP, AND BRIDGE! This belt is "Real Old West." The vivid colorings—red, blue, yellow, green, white, and brown—are hand painted on top of the embossing so that every detail stands out in its natural color as real as a western picture. The metal buckle, belt tip and bridge are embossed and silver finished, and stitched so that they cannot slip. A real work of art from tip to buckle—the finest product of skilled craftsmen with long years of high quality experience in belt making. It's comfortable, long wearing, distinctive, and harmonizes with almost any costume. Made in sizes 26 to 38.

MATCHING ZIPPER BILLFOLD WITH SECRET POCKET AND 8 PICTURE AND PASS WINDOWS! The same scene on the belt is repeated in all its beauty and detail on the full length—both sides—of the wallet. Each wallet is saddle finished, gorgeously embossed with colors that won't rub off. The smooth sliding zipper completely seals the wallet so nothing can fall out, and in addition to 8 picture and pass windows there's a built in change purse and identification card window plus a large currency compartment! And here's the big EXTRA—a patented secret pocket to hide your precious papers and money from prying eyes.

**YOUR FRIENDS WILL TURN  
POP-EYED WITH ENVY!**



You'll be the pride of the neighborhood when you wear this outfit. This genuine "Old West" set looks made to order especially for you. It's gorgeously hand painted in 6 different colors that give you the ADVANTAGE OF THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER NOW!

**SEND NO MONEY—**

**JUST MAIL  
COUPON**

### THE LEATHERCRAFT COMPANY

Dept. 47,  
386 MAIN AVE.,  
CLIFTON, N. J.

Gentlemen: By return mail, rush me the beautiful hand colored all leather "Old West" Belt, Wallet, or Set as checked below. On arrival I will pay the postman amount indicated plus fed. tax, postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return within 10 days for full refund.

My Belt Size Is.....  Rush me the Complete Set—\$4.25  
 Send Belt Only—\$2.49  Send Wallet Only—\$1.98

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**THE LEATHERCRAFT COMPANY**  
386 MAIN AVE. CLIFTON, N. J.

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BY MAIL  
FROM

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599 BROADWAY,  
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NEW YORK

## "Gibson Girl" ACCENT ON ROMANCE

He'll want to "take you out to the ball game" . . . take you everywhere! You look so blithe and gay in your new Gibson Girl dress. One-piece in crisp check-'n'-plain contrast. Fine woven gingham checks for the f-u-l-l swing skirt. More checks for the wide belt and covered buckle, the bewitching big bow, collar and cuffs. Plain rayon faille for the close bodice with its smart three-quarter sleeves. Another Broadway Fashions miracle at only \$5.98! Junior Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17.

BODICE IN NAVY BLUE,  
WHITE, GREY OR POWDER BLUE,  
WITH MULTI-COLORED  
CHECK SKIRT

ONLY  
**\$5.98**

STYLE No.  
5290



Contrasting Peplum  
... Terrific Flattery

ONLY  
**\$7.98**

## THAT "Once-in-a-Lifetime Dress"

This is that romantic dress you'll remember forever . . . and so will he! So thrilling we hardly know how to tell you about it! One piece with bewitching fine black lace at sleeves and peplum edge. Front top and entire peplum of flattering pastel, back top and skirt of midnight black. Super smooth rayon. Junior sizes: 9-11-13-15-17.

AQUA, PINK, BLUE  
OR GREY FRONT  
PEPLUM  
WITH BLACK

RUSH  
COUPON

WRITE FOR  
FREE FASHION  
CATALOG

STYLE No.  
186

Broadway Fashions Dept. 5106 599 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Send these lovely dresses on approval. I'll pay postman listed price per dress plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return same in 10 days for refund. If prepaid we pay postage. Do not send cash.

| Style No. | Size | First Color Choice | Second Color Choice |
|-----------|------|--------------------|---------------------|
| 186       |      |                    |                     |
| 5290      |      |                    |                     |

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

C. O. D.

CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

SEND NO MONEY

SENT ON APPROVAL

# BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

## CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fect and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unattractive skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 427, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

[Advertisement]

